

## SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,855 Vol. 110.

16 July 1910.

[REGISTERED AS A] 6d.  
NEWSPAPER.

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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Bill to enable women of sorts to take their seat by and by in the House of Commons has been shelved. It is something to be thankful for; but who can feel sure, if the Bill is brought in afresh next year, the Prime Minister of the day, whoever he chance to be, will dare to shelve it again? It is the business of a British Government in these days to be governed; and it must be said that from this point of view Mr. Asquith's is the most businesslike Government of modern times. It has been governed by nearly all the sections: by the Little Navyites, by the Socialists, by the Irish cattle-drivers, by Dr. Clifford, by the Labour party, by Mr. Churchill, by Mr. Lloyd George, by Sir Henry Dalziel—it is sure before the end to be governed by the Suffragettes, both wings of them, female and male.

Once give the vote to the class of woman who demonstrates in the streets, rides astride for every peeping Tom to leer over, who can doubt that some of them will before long be M.P.s? We remember Mr. Labouchere declaring that after the woman voter must come the woman member. And why not, and how not? There is nothing certainly in logic to forbid it for a moment; there is nothing in probability to forbid it—indeed, some people hearing Mr. McLaren speak on the Bill the other day may have thought for a moment that she was already in the House. The honourable lady will go into the Aye and No lobbies with the men. And how is she to be kept out of the Cabinet? She will put her feet up on the table and strike the box with any right honourable gentleman. There will have to be a Suffragette Serjeant-at-Arms, clad in bloomers and armed with a hatpin, to march her off when she defies Mr. or Mrs. Speaker.

Of course there are people who regard all notions of this kind as nightmares. Only give a few women who particularly want it the vote, and the thing will virtually

end at that. This was the lulling note of one or two politicians—even of a statesman!—in the debate on this ramshackle Bill. The Suffragette in the House itself, in its smoking-rooms, lobbies and front benches is, they airily announce, a dream. One recalls the words of Landor: "Ah, what is not a dream?" We know this sort of political nightmare: it has a way of turning out to be a very real event of the daytime. A few years ago the idea of Mr. Philip Snowden supplying a Liberal Government with a Budget would have been scouted as a nightmare. No; once make the Suffragette a voter, you must admit her, when she insists on it, a member.

Mr. Chamberlain (who made a very good speech) and others who spoke rightly insisted that this movement is being carried on by a handful of women only. It is no idle compliment, but the known and plain truth, to say that the most responsible women are, bar a few scholars, utterly against the whole thing. The word "suffragette" is a by-word. It is a term of contempt. The Suffragette movement—save that it is much more serious, politicians, statesmen even, pandering to it or sentimentalising over it—may remind one of the day when the woolwork and crochet-making type of man flourished. The female man is no doubt worse than the male woman; yet not by so very much perhaps.

One by one the vexations to which people are exposed under Mr. Lloyd George's Budget are being brought to light. A Special Commissioner thinks you have more than £4000 a year. He need have no grounds for his opinion, except that a local surveyor thinks it possible. At once you are served with a notice for super-tax. You may say that you have only £3000 a year. That will not satisfy Mr. George. You may make a statutory declaration that you have only £3000 a year. Still Mr. George is not satisfied. If a Special Commissioner chooses to think you have more than £4000, you must prove that you have not. You must make a special return giving full particulars of your income from all sources. How long is it since a worthy merchant of this country was barbarously entreated for saying that men were better used in Turkey?

One of Mr. Lloyd George's lesser flaws, if flaw it be at all, is that he rarely answers a letter. He has broken

his rule for the sake of Jesus College, Oxford. The Fellows have made him one of themselves and Mr. Lloyd George has written one of his emotional, Keltic letters to thank them. By the way, how was it that Mr. George did not insist on a Jesus man, the Bishop of St. Asaph, being appointed to York? Perhaps a great person intervened there. It is not easy to believe that it was the Prime Minister who stood in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's light in this matter.

We know of but one man that was able to make an interesting statement as Minister for Education. Sir John Gorst was interesting because he made the matter human. He did not talk about statistics and scholars and all the deadly mechanics of education but about children. He had made the great discovery that a school-child was a living animal that had a soul and a body. He was stimulating because from time to time he let an intellectual man's contempt for the sham he was solemnly discussing show through. He laughed at his own ministry. Whether this might be described as something else beside interesting we are not concerned to discuss here. Either way we could suffer many Sir John Gorsts gladly on education days: days which the House does not suffer gladly. On Wednesday it sank below a quorum, to Mr. Lynch's indignation; though it is quite useless to be indignant about such things.

Mr. Runciman got into the old rut of a general summary of departmental operations: elementary schools, secondary schools, technical schools and classes, schools of art, museums, cookery centres, "and many other departments of educational machinery". Why, the very recital itself was enough to clear the House. All these things he who wants (and few in all conscience there be that do want) can find set out much better in the Board's Report than in the Minister's speech. The Minister's work is to get behind all this and let the House into the secret life of which these things are the accidents. What is the truth about education which the House and the country, as far as either cares, want to know? Only this: What effect is the Board's work having on the character, intelligence and competence of the children it schools? We defy any one to get any idea of this from Mr. Runciman's statement. The Minister's cue always is to parade the tremendous activities of the Board as ground for unblushing optimism.

Mr. Runciman has less than usual excuse for doing this. His own department—an exceedingly well staffed one—gave him the right lead in the Report. It had the courage to admit there was a general disappointment at the grand result of forty years' compulsory education. Why did not Mr. Runciman tackle this? And why had no one in the House the sense to make him tackle it? It is not a party matter. The necessity of education and its comparative failure so far are facts both parties must swallow. The country now wants to know the reason why of this failure. The best thing Mr. Runciman could do would be to tell the County Councils that for two years they must look after their own affairs; that the Board would not take any part in running the machine. Then he should turn his staff loose to discover as best they might what is the general result of elementary education and why. The inspectors know well enough that all is not well. Mr. Runciman, too, we admit, showed faint glimmerings of the same knowledge. Unfortunately politics bar the way.

Should street-trading by boys and girls be altogether forbidden? The Committee of the Home Office appointed in 1903 to deal with this question holds that it should; and we agree. There are not two opinions as to the result of turning children into the street to sell matches or newspapers. "If a matchseller he is likely to become a beggar—if a newspaper-seller a gambler." And the girls are in worse peril than the boys. Children employed in the street are not only losing time to qualify for regular work: they are losing the taste for it. Most of those who grow up in the streets are as men and women unemployed and unemployable. Their intelligence is practically untrained, and they must continue

to live on their wits. One of the sadly interesting things about these children is that in proportion that their intelligence is blunted their wits are made sharp.

The time will come when every employer of child labour will be made answerable for the proper training of the boys and girls he employs. He will have to see that the children at present used up for his own purposes are, while they are with him, made capable of employment as men and women. As to the more casual forms of child labour these will have to go. The difficulty of putting down street trading is great. The daily Press is directly interested in keeping it up, and it will be a hard struggle to get the newsboy from the streets. Any Government that makes a beginning with the street trader will have to face the popular Press. Shall we ever have a Government strong enough to do it?

By way of improving the condition of Ireland the authorities are taking steps to return to their owners the firearms surrendered to the Government in 'eighty-one and 'eighty-six. Questioned in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Mr. Redmond Barry explained that these weapons (being out of date) were of no use to anybody, and that men of the Reserve had to sleep and eat in the same room in order that the weapons might be housed. Mr. Redmond Barry admits that the last thing Ireland now requires is a further distribution of firearms, and the softness of his answer might well turn criticism away. Certainly he did not meet it. A good deal of harm can be done with a gun that is out of date. It is ludicrous to be at serious pains to give these weapons back. A list is being sent to every county inspector. Inspectors are to hunt up every individual owner and remind him of the blunderbuss, or the blunderbuss of his father, which was taken to Dublin thirty years ago. Really Irish officials must be spoiling for work.

There was a little passage at question-time on Wednesday that is worth quoting in full. "Mr. Lee: 'Is Lord Kitchener still a member of the Imperial Defence Committee?' Mr. Asquith: 'No.' Mr. Gibson Bowles: 'Is Lord Esher a member?' Mr. Asquith: 'Yes.'" What a perfect example of the good old-fashioned official method in this country! Lord Kitchener, the greatest soldier or the greatest military organiser we have, is not wanted for imperial defence: Lord Esher, a civilian—a very able civilian, as everyone knows—is wanted for imperial defence. But surely some civilian use at any rate might be made of Hercules: why not set him to clean out the Augean stables at Somerset House?

A resolute attitude on the part of the Opposition and a stiffening of the back of the Government, whatever the cause, has resulted in the overthrow of the Little Navy party. Time was in 1906 when even the Unionist party would not so much as criticise the Government's surrender to the disarmament factions. Now, led by a man who hates British rule, they managed to muster a motley assembly of seventy Nationalists, Socialists, and Radicals in the division lobby. The price we pay for their activity and supremacy in the first three years of Radical government, and the apathy and inertness of imperialists who should have fought them with far greater energy, is that our rivals have been greatly encouraged in increasing their naval programmes, our resources have been starved for want of orders, and now there is such congestion of building that we have been unable to secure the contracts for the Argentine battleships, equivalent to £2,000,000 sterling in wages alone, while our own taxpayers will have to pay far more for our Dreadnoughts.

Mr. Asquith's figures in themselves are a condemnation of the Government's delay in ordering the five Dreadnoughts and Invincibles of this year's programme. He says that in the spring of 1912 we shall have twenty to thirteen for Germany. This, then, forms a standard that they thought necessary for 1912, trusting in a certain superiority in pre-Dreadnoughts. But in the spring of 1913, he finds we shall have twenty-five

to twenty-one for Germany, and Lord Charles Beresford truly pointed out that the Triple Alliance will probably have an actual superiority of two Dreadnoughts and Invincibles. It is evident that our programme of 1911-1912 will have to come to the rescue, and the longer we delay this year's programme the greater the congestion of building next year.

It is, however, when we come to test the value of the Dreadnoughts in gun power that the scales tell heavily against us. It is because of her gun-power that the Dreadnought outclassed her predecessors. It is in this overwhelming gun-power that the twenty-seven Dreadnoughts and Invincibles of the Triple Alliance will outclass the twenty-five we shall possess in 1913. It is no exaggeration to say that the Dreadnoughts possessed by Germany alone in 1913 will possess a markedly superior gunfire to those possessed by Great Britain, and, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, our superiority in pre-Dreadnoughts tends to vanish every year. To add to our troubles, the charge is freely made by experts that the German guns and ammunition are distinctly better than our own wire-wound guns and cordite.

A soldier, or indeed anyone to whom war means something more than material for book-making, would be amused at the talk, at a meeting on Wednesday of a society calling itself the National Defence Association, about cavalry tactics. A book-maker (Mr. Erskine Childers), an editor, and a storyteller holding forth on cavalry tactics would be edifying to Lord Roberts, who "hoped to be there" but—wisely was not. These are the people who think they are capable of teaching Sir John French the elements of his profession. Sir John French has just written a preface to a translation of a work of Bernhardt showing once more the futility of this talk about doing away with the sword. The greatest English cavalry soldier and the greatest German cavalry soldier think one way, the book-maker and the editor think another way. Who would not prefer the book-maker?

The Indian Civil Service annual dinner is a useful opportunity. Lord Curzon used it well last week. To his hosts he gave praise where certainly it was due; and he spoke from inside knowledge of the changing conditions of India and her administration. Indian service does not grow more attractive. Like Indian securities, it has depreciated, and in each case the blame for this rests on the men in authority both at home and in India. Lord Curzon was serious in his warning of the disaster which must follow any failure to encourage and support the European officers who are the strength of the administration. These officers must feel that while they do their best they will not "from any considerations of parliamentary expediency or local popularity be thrown to the wolves". The new Viceroy, apparently, is sound on this point; but Lord Curzon's warning is well timed.

General Botha's smooth sayings on the Education question in South Africa may be discounted by his plea of inability on the part of the Union Government to interfere with Hertzogism in the Orange River Colony. His education policy he summarised as, first, equal opportunity; secondly, the medium of instruction to be the pupil's mother tongue, even at some cost to the State; and, thirdly, no compulsion. This sounds severe comment on the arbitrary methods of General Hertzog; but is it anything but a sop to a Johannesburg audience? At least one journal in South Africa regards the speech, which, by the way, was General Botha's first serious effort in English, as so many pleasant words meaning no more than did his friendly assurances when Dr. Jameson proposed to start the Union under non-party non-racial rules.

It is significant that Germany should hasten to recognise a Nicaraguan President not popular in Washington. But the German Foreign Office is right to choose its own means of reminding Germans in South America that

it exists. Moreover, the Wilhelmstrasse is rather prone to doing the work of an advertising agency, and does it not badly. The only surprising circumstance is that the exact text of the Emperor's letter should have been made known. Publicity however, always seems to startle the diplomats in Berlin.

In deference to the ultimatum of the Powers, the Cretans have again put off their crisis. The Assembly met and declared solemnly that the Moslem deputies might sit without taking the oath to King George. To say they might sit was one thing; actually to allow them to sit was another. So the Assembly adjourned for four months. When the Moslems appear there will be another crisis. But M. Venizelos may be trusted to find a way out. He has a wonderful way with a crisis. When everybody was expecting trouble between Turkey and Greece at the time the Cretans wanted to send deputies to the Greek Chamber, he crossed over to Athens and saw it was quite simple. If no Chamber were elected—if, in fact, the Chamber were temporarily abolished—the crisis would vanish. So now, at home, he has solved the question of the Moslem deputies. National feeling will not bear to see them sitting; the Powers say they must be allowed to sit. The solution is plain. Let them, but let there be no Assembly for them to sit in.

The French Government continues officially to believe that Mulai Hafid is a ruler with whom it is possible to deal in the ordinary way of diplomacy. M. Pichon has this week in diplomatic jargon "expressed his appreciation of the happy results of the understandings effected with the Shereefian Government". This means that after a fit of sulks Mulai Hafid is ready to make fresh promises of good behaviour. Meantime it is clearly proved that the wife of Ben Aissa was tortured almost to death by their Sultan, who wanted to find out where her husband had concealed treasure. The story of this latest achievement of Mulai Hafid was circumstantially related by Mr. Walter Harris several weeks ago. The British Consul and two ladies of the Medical Mission at Fez now put the matter beyond all doubt.

Paris must have its "affaire". The Rochette trial has provided a pretty big one, and the journalists and gobe-mouches, we imagine, will have material for copy and chatter for some time. The story told at the trial is certainly sensational in the newspaper sense. An ex-convict of embezzlement professes to have damning documentary evidence, which has been "lent to him", against a banker. This is told to the manager of the "Petit Journal" who a little later brings the chief of the cabinet of the Prefect of Police to see the ex-convict. Apparently the chief of the cabinet, M. Yves Durand, remarked to the ex-convict that they had for a long while been trying to find means of arresting the banker Rochette, and persuaded the ex-convict on the strength of the evidence lent to him to cause proceedings to be taken through a friend against Rochette, who is arrested a day or two later, early in 1908. At the trial this week M. Rochette's counsel called M. Yves Durand as a witness. M. Durand refuses to come, professional reasons sealing his lips. Counsel then throws up his brief.

Obviously there is material here for a good "affaire". One cannot be surprised at the opponents of the Government seizing it for use in the Chamber. There is, to say the least, an unpleasant suggestion of excessive eagerness on the part of the authorities to get a man arrested against whom they had no legal evidence. To season the affaire really appetisingly, it is suggested that this eagerness was to be traced to M. Clemenceau, at the time Minister of the Interior. M. Yves Durand's refusal to give evidence and the Court allowing the refusal is not quite pleasant. His evidence obviously was relevant to M. Rochette's case. We cannot be surprised that the Chamber, in spite of its vote of confidence in M. Briand, insisted on a parliamentary committee being set up to inquire into the matter.



It is humiliating to know that the Home Secretary could not, if he would, prevent a cinematograph performance of the Reno fight in this country. Mr. Fisher, too, has just told the Australians that he has no authority to prevent the films coming in among them. It is a pity when the highest authorities are arbitrarily prevented from doing good. However, the L.C.C. are equal to the occasion, and the show has been prohibited in London at least. Even Birmingham—by no means a city of the soul—is restive at the idea of witnessing America's latest contribution to the art of the "Cine".

Captain Scott leaves England to-day for New Zealand on his way to the Antarctic. Sir Ernest Shackleton has hopes of his complete success. Certainly he should reach the South Pole, if any man. The expedition has been most carefully planned, and nothing has been spared in its equipment. Captain Scott has himself told us that he has the right men. It is a crew of experts—navigators, naturalists, men who have already spent years in work of exploration and are trained to endure. Sir Edgar Speyer wrote on Thursday that a balance of £8000 has still to be collected to complete £42,000 required. Captain Scott has said that, if money is short, the salaries of his men will suffer. He has a fine ship and his equipment is of the best. His men would not hear of economies there. They must not suffer loss.

The air is coming by its own quicker than one expected. So long as these extremely ingenious toys, aeroplanes, biplanes, any kind of planes, were motored into the air in calm weather it seemed to some of us, and seems still, that the danger is not great. But glancing at the list of fatal accidents in the few months since Lefebvre fell, one sees it is already growing considerable—though most of the adventurers have picked their moment of starting with great respect to the weather. The terrible mishap which killed Mr. Rolls at Bournemouth seems not to be fully understood yet: some thought it had nothing to do with the wind, others that it was due to his attempt to manœuvre too finely in a stiflish breeze.

But, whatever the cause of this mishap, it is certain that the aeroplane, as we know it to-day, is largely at the mercy of heavy wind or sudden gusts. Æolus need not open his bag at all wide to smash up the aeroplanes and kill their passengers. There is no port which is safe for the aeroplanist in a storm save the solid ground; and the worst of it is this ground is so terribly solid.

There is little doubt that before long aeroplanes will be built which will be safe enough in an air of settled calm. Then we may all play with our wonderful toys—for wonderful they really are and toys they are—and shoot up as safe perhaps as the little gossamer spiders on quiet autumn days. But the aeroplane that can ride a stormy air with ease or safety has not yet been imagined except by giddy brains. The aeroplanist to-day has as much chance of riding a storm safely as the old woman had of getting to the moon on a besom.

Mr. Rolls was more than the very best kind of sportsman. He broke records incidentally: he did not live to break them. His death has little in common with that of a man who breaks his neck in the hunting-field. His name will count with the names of the many brave men who have died that science might go forward. Mr. Rolls was extremely clever—in fact he had absolute genius—as an engineer. His experiments in flight were the culmination of experiments in every kind of locomotion. Before everything he was interested in the ways of machinery—in his engine. Science has this week taken toll of Mr. Rolls and of another—Mr. Harry W. Cox. Mr. Cox experimented with the Röntgen rays before it was discovered how hurtful they were. He died that his successors might learn how easy it was to do what he did and come to no harm.

#### THE SUFFRAGETTE SET-BACK.

TOT homines quot sententiæ—this was the House of Commons' view of the Women's Suffrage Conciliation Bill. Some believed in the Bill for precisely the reasons that others rejected it. Mr. Shackleton thought it was a democratic Bill, and supported it for that reason. Mr. Churchill thought it was an anti-democratic Bill, and for that reason condemned it. It was argued that women should vote because they were like men; it was argued they should vote because they were unlike. The House, as a whole, showed a creditable lack of definite knowledge as to the other sex. Even those who agreed in opposing the Bill, like Mr. Asquith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, thought very differently of women in their relation to public affairs. Mr. Asquith remembered with pride how as Home Secretary he had called women to his aid in the inspection of factories and workshops. Mr. Chamberlain deprecated public work for women on principle. Hardly a point was raised that was not sooner or later taken up by some new speaker and with quite refreshing independence of thought turned about and viewed in the opposite sense. Mr. Churchill thought it absurd to enfranchise the spinster and keep out the married woman. Mr. Balfour thought this was the wise thing to do. The married woman had a man to vote for her; the spinster had not.

Certainly we are greatly fortified by this debate in the position we have already taken up on this question. We do not base our opposition on any essential difference, likeness, inferiority, or superiority (all these views were taken on the relations of the sexes by speakers on both sides) as between men and women, but on the admitted fact that any Bill which widens the franchise is a democratic measure, and on the way to adult suffrage. Mr. Shackleton, in introducing the Bill, was concerned to prove only one thing—that the Bill was a democratic Bill. The two chief facts about it are that it adds a million voters to the register and in principle removes the sex disqualification for the franchise. Certainly we will allow Mr. Shackleton that a Bill which does these things is a democratic Bill. It is democratic in principle, and it is a step on the way to measures yet more democratic. As Mr. Shackleton said: "We have to proceed by degrees and allay the fears of those who are not yet prepared for adult suffrage". Mr. F. E. Smith, who said a great deal on the purely sex aspect of the question, was wise to begin with the main position as laid down by Mr. Shackleton. The final result of the Bill when it came would be "a total electorate of 23,000,000 instead of 7,000,000". For Mr. Shackleton, of course, to prove that the Bill was democratic was to prove that the Bill ought to pass. Once call a measure democratic and you have its opponents in a tight place. How is a man in a democratic age and in a democratic country openly to oppose a democratic Bill? It is many years since a great jurist showed that democracy is political power chopped into fragments and that the result of chopping the fragments too small is to enable the "boss" with the biggest broom to sweep up the biggest heap. Yet—in spite of the appalling instance of America—the old shibboleth still holds. There was a quiet assumption behind Mr. Shackleton's words that once he had proved the Bill a democratic Bill the game was up for its opponents. Mr. Balfour, with his fine instinct for the essential point of a big problem, has seen that the woman-suffrage movement stands or falls, not on its merits as an agitation of one sex against the other, but simply on the merits of the fundamental democratic position, or—as he termed it—"government by consent". When a class feels itself excluded, and outraged by being excluded, then, said Mr. Balfour, it is time to ask whether the anomaly cannot be remedied. If you are a consistent democrat you must admit women to the franchise, not because they are women, but because they are an unrepresented class in the country. If you once admit the democratic position, sex is but a frail barrier. To allow that women are competent to canvass and to speak, to form and to



deliver opinions on political subjects, and then to deny them the "ladylike" (Lord Hugh Cecil's word) privilege of voting, is, according to Mr. Balfour, a difficult position to defend. The real democrat is indeed hard put to it in opposing woman suffrage. That, however, is no concern of ours. We do not believe in democracy or in "government by consent"—a phrase so loose, so inaccurate that Mr. Balfour could have been reduced to it only by an extremely difficult position.

Mr. Balfour's championship of woman suffrage is a championship with reservations. To begin with, he really believes that women want the vote or he would not support them. Certainly it is not proved that the majority of women do want the vote. A few actively demand it; a few actively resist the demand. The greater number have not taken the trouble to express an opinion; and, in a case like this, she who is not for the Bill is against it. The argument that the few who want the vote should have it, even if the quiet majority do not, is essentially false. As Mr. F. E. Smith said, the whole objection of the women who did not want the vote was that they did not want to be governed by the women who did. Mr. Balfour had another reservation. He would not support the Bill if he thought that women would thereby be let into Parliament and the Cabinet. He did not think that logically the present Bill could lead to that result. Of course it is absurd to suppose that the House of Commons could ever be flooded by women members of Parliament. They would, as a general rule, make bad candidates, and would not be taken up by the party organisations. But it is absolutely certain that some particular woman, widely known and extremely popular, might make a very good candidate in some particular constituency. She would be chosen candidate and returned as member. Mr. Balfour's reservations nullify his support.

If we look at the debate as a whole the thing that strikes us most is the inconclusiveness of many of the arguments based on difference or likeness between the sexes. Most of these arguments cut both ways. They can be met and returned with interest. Lord Hugh Cecil thought women should have a vote because there were many women who could knock him down. Like Mr. Belloc (who had only heard the physical-force argument advanced when he went among dons), he did not think there was much in the argument that because women were as a sex weaker in muscle than men, therefore they should not vote. Mr. F. E. Smith took the other view. For him it was a decisive argument against woman suffrage that women could not take an active part in enforcing the laws they claimed a right to frame. This argument is typical of nearly all those based on sex distinctions. Really it is neither here nor there on either side. Fundamentally, if physical force is the ultimate arbiter, it matters not what rights or laws women have on their side when it comes to the test. Similarly, whatever the fundamental distinction, similarity, superiority, or inferiority as between men and women, these will out in the end and confound the laws made in their despite. But the argument on which we base our opposition is incontrovertible. The Bill—moderate as it is—opens the door to fresh invasions of the unfit upon the franchise. Happily the House of Commons is not yet ready to take this step. One good result of the debate is to show that the strength of argument is against the Bill. Supporters of the Bill made occasional good points in exposing unsound arguments on the other side; but there never was a notorious movement so lacking in reasons to account for itself. Just as the numerical weakness of the suffragettes was shown in the General Election, when they absolutely failed to make themselves felt over a large area, so now, on a really important occasion, we discover an extreme poverty of convincing argument. Moreover, the majority in the House who favour the Bill in principle has decreased; and it has been formally decided that the Bill shall not have a chance to become law. The preliminary vote in favour of the Bill means very little. How many men would have voted for it if

they had not had an eye upon their election, when the influence of even a few women might turn the scale? Would twenty men? Would ten? The suffragettes have pretended to be more moderate in this Bill than they really are. They have asked less than they have ever asked, and the least that will content them. They have been denied more firmly than ever. To lose the little support they yet retain it needs only that Mr. McLaren's threat should be made good. If the women resume the militant tactics of six months ago, even convinced democrats like Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George may desert them.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF SPANISH AMERICA.

THIS country, both official and unofficial, continues practically to ignore South America. This is strange seeing that England had more than any other nation to do with bringing the Spanish-American republics into existence. As a consequence they have always felt well-disposed towards us. We, on the other hand, have regarded them with contempt or indifference. We appear, in fact, to have made up our minds that they are corrupt and unprogressive and hardly worth troubling about. When public men want illustrations of the failure of democracy they turn to South America and advance well-worn instances of the perversion of popular government which "have already received the meed of popular approval". Such a form of argument saves much trouble and appears to be uncontested. But it is extremely foolish because at the present time, so far as the larger States are concerned, it is not true, and it tends to alienate peoples with whom it would be in the highest degree profitable for us to be on the best terms possible. The vast majority of South Americans had rather do business with England than with the United States, and up to the present time we more than hold our own. But we are strangely backward in developing our advantages. What makes our lethargy still stranger is that Great Britain has vast sums of capital embarked in Argentina and elsewhere. With that country and Brazil our trade still maintains its hold, but a reference to the "Statistical Abstract" shows a steady growth of trade between them and the United States.

Vicinity, no doubt, counts for much, and the distant trader is handicapped more or less heavily in comparison with the neighbour. Mexico must, by reason of its nearness to the United States, trade largely with Americans. But it is absurd to suppose that we could not greatly develop our connexion with Mexico if we would. Englishmen have already done more than any others to fit that country with the appliances requisite for modern trade, such as harbours and railways, and there is no doubt at all that Mexicans do not regard our countrymen with any of the suspicion that they feel towards their gigantic neighbours. Memories of the war of which the annexation of Texas was both the cause and the result will always make Mexicans apprehensive of American overtures. Judicious organisation and encouragement by the State might do a good deal to improve our position there. We are, at all events, in possession of naval bases in the neighbourhood and also of fertile islands, which might well lead us to take more interest than we do in Mexico, which is being developed rapidly. But in fact, throughout the continent of South America as well as in Mexico and Central America we are pursuing a policy of drift, which is no policy at all; while the Government of the United States is pushing its influence and encouraging its traders in every direction.

The latest evidence of this may be seen in the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress just opened. This time the Government of the United States has shown a tact for which it has not always been famous. Its delegates are well-known and respected diplomats, quite capable of meeting the envoys of the great South American Republics and dealing with them on their own ground. The old policy of

the lecture and the big stick seems once for all to be abandoned, and we learn that the severe limitation of the subjects for discussion will render improbable any grave differences of opinion. The Congress will be invited to discuss "the closer union and intercommunications of all the American Republics", instead of such thorny matters as Nicaraguan revolutions and Venezuelan troubles. Having failed in their rôle as school-master, the United States are now adopting a line much more likely to succeed and are posing as the big brother, on an equality with the rest of the family, who only desires to help and protect if required. It will take a long time to remove the deep-seated suspicion and dislike with which the designs of the United States are regarded throughout South America; but, if the field is left clear for her, as it seems our settled resolve to allow it to be, then, in the course of some years, we shall see this very astute policy crowned with success. At present we have still some of the best cards in our own hands, and by ordinary skill and care in playing them we might win the game. Of course, the further south we go the less does the advantage of nearness accrue to the United States, but the Government at Washington is doing everything it can to strengthen its position and that of its people.

So far as political relations are concerned we have done our best to throw the hegemony of the southern continent into the hands of the United States, and we also seem to be desirous of strengthening them in the struggle for trade. The trader on both sides may be equally keen and pushing, but the American is helped by his own Government at every turn. Here we allow ourselves to be completely out-distanced both by Germany and by the United States. America is now bringing to great perfection the International Bureau of American Republics, which came into existence twenty years ago and for a time led an undistinguished existence. Recently, under the care of Mr. Root, it has burst into active life and promises to play a very important part in the development of the trade relations between the United States and their neighbours. The activity of this organisation has been well known to all who take an interest in American questions, but has probably escaped notice in this country. Its existence is now apparently welcomed by the South American Republics, who naturally desire to extend their trade in every quarter. Their Governments subscribe to keep it going and their Legations take a part in the conduct of the institution, the object of which is to spread a knowledge of the Southern Republics in the United States and to make clear the brilliant prospects they offer for the enterprise of their northern neighbours. Spade work such as this, carried on so astutely as it has been by Mr. Root and his associates, must pay in the end and lead to still further intercourse between the North and the South. Through trade this will work for the political advantage of the United States and towards that hegemony which is the ultimate object of their policy.

But the commercial side of the question is at present more conspicuous than the political, and American politicians are well aware that the more they conceal their political aims the better for their ultimate success. Great suspicion of the Pan-American policy of the United States still exists throughout the South American States, but judicious treatment is gradually softening the Spanish-American attitude. We, on the other hand, allow our public men to snub the advances of the southern republics and our Government does nothing to improve trade relations between us and them.

In fact, we take every opportunity to throw them into the arms of their eager suitors at Washington and ostentatiously admit the claim of America to the headship of the southern continent. Of this we have an amusing illustration this week. The German Emperor has, it appears, dared to acknowledge the new President of the Venezuelan Republic without consulting the United States, while our Foreign Office, with its obsequious subservience to Washington, took the

opinion of the American Government first. Not content with this kowtowing to the Yankee, some of our newspapers are endeavouring to show what good boys we have been and what a presumptuous fellow the Kaiser is, hoping thereby to stir up ill-feeling between Germany and the United States for our benefit. All this will but defeat its own object, for the persistent licking of American boots is the very last thing likely to attain its end. The American is the last person in the world to see any gentleness in a submissive attitude. On the other hand we stand to lose enormously in both hard cash and political prestige among the Spanish-Americans. Their politicians, as a rule, have little to differentiate them from those of the United States, but the higher order of Spanish-Americans have much more affinity with English gentlemen than with the huxtering Yankee. It is therefore deplorable from the point of view both of policy and pocket that British officials and statesmen do so little to promote closer trade and intercourse between Spanish America and ourselves, but rather do all they can to establish the United States in a position of overwhelming predominance in that continent. The ultimate goal of Pan-Americanism is the monopoly of all American commerce. If we are to do nothing to grasp the vast increase of trade open to us, we might at least try to preserve what we have.

#### THE MAGISTRATES COMMISSION.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Selection of Justices of the Peace closes the latest, and we trust the last, chapter in the history of a particularly squalid political grievance. For very many years it has been the practice of successive Lord Chancellors to accept the recommendations of the Lords-Lieutenant for appointments to the county benches. It is not suggested, and it never has been suggested by any responsible person, that this system has worked otherwise than well as far as the administration of justice is concerned. Here and there a Lord-Lieutenant may have been too ready to appoint persons of good social position with less regard to their special fitness for judicial duties. But no instance has been produced of the appointment of a conspicuously unfit person to a county bench. Borough justices there have been of notoriously bad character, but for them the Lords-Lieutenant are not responsible. Nor is it true to say that men with a strong claim to appointment have been passed over. The most that can be said is that the county justices have been drawn too exclusively from one class, and that since they have often to act both as judges and jury it is bad that none of them should himself have experienced the social conditions which surround those who come before him. But this criticism, whether it is worth much or little, is not that which brought about the appointment of the Commission. The grievance of which so much has been heard during the last few years is quite different and much less respectable. County government is now to some extent, and used to be more, in the hands of the country gentlemen, and the county benches have been, therefore, mainly filled from that class. This has given to a seat on the county bench a certain social importance which intrinsically it would not have possessed. Party managers who batten on the weaknesses of human nature have not been slow to take advantage of this circumstance, and a seat on the bench has become in many counties a recognised reward for political service. So long as the wealthy and educated classes were fairly evenly divided between the two great parties no difficulty arose. But when, after the Home Rule Bill of 1886, all or almost all those of any social position became Unionists, different conditions prevailed. The Lords-Lieutenant continued to recommend the same kind of people for the county benches as before. But in the result, instead of the justices being roughly half Tory and half Liberal, they were almost entirely Unionist. Immediately an outcry was raised by the party politicians. One of the most serviceable instru-



ments of political inducement—for we do not admit the existence of political corruption in this country—had been taken from the Radical wire-puller. As the Commissioners discreetly put it, “if there are many more of one party than another who have the right to affix the letters ‘J.P.’ to their names, the grievance is deeply felt”. When the Radical Government of 1892 came into power the county Radical, hungry for social recognition, thought that his opportunity had come. He did not put his grievance quite as crudely as we have done. He said he wished to redress the inequality of political opinion on the county benches, making some kind of vague suggestion that he was really anxious to secure the political purity of the administration of justice. Unfortunately for this suggestion he was never able then or since to produce any evidence worth consideration that the judicial acts of the county benches were politically biased. Indeed, the Royal Commission expressly finds “that no important evidence has been given to the effect that the justices’ decisions have been tainted by political partisanship”. Radical controversialists are not disturbed by difficulties of this kind. If the facts do not bear out their contentions, so much the worse for the facts. They accordingly proceeded with undiminished vigour to press first Lord Herschell and then Lord Loreburn to disregard the recommendations of Lords-Lieutenant and flood the county benches with Radical nominees.

It would have been amusing if it had not been painful to watch the various twists and turns to which the two Radical Chancellors have been put to escape the pressure of their supporters. At first Lord Herschell said he was in the hands of the Lords-Lieutenant, and could not disregard their recommendations without the express authority of the House of Commons. Thereupon that prince of political intriguers, Sir Charles Dilke, procured the passing of the necessary resolution by the Lower House. Driven from his first defences, Lord Herschell with infinite labour made some show of complying with the Radical demands. Fortunately for himself, he went out of office before it was fully realised how little he had used his judicial patronage for the furtherance of party interests. Eleven years of peace and a Conservative administration followed; but with the accession to office of the present Lord Chancellor the storm broke out afresh. For four long years Lord Loreburn has fought against the appointment of political Justices of the Peace, and at last has sought the assistance of a Royal Commission.

Their Report is now before us, and we cannot pretend to any great admiration for its principal recommendation. The advisory committees to be set up in each county are, as we understand, to have two functions. In the first place, they are to assist the Lords-Lieutenant in making their recommendations to the Chancellor, and so far they are harmless enough. Secondly, they are to be the instrument by which the Chancellor can check and, if desired, overrule the Lords-Lieutenant. In the hands of Lord Loreburn such an instrument may well be innocuous. But we own to some uneasiness as to how it might be used by a weaker or less scrupulous successor. Still the balance of the evidence before the Commission was undoubtedly in favour of some such device, several of the Lords-Lieutenant themselves welcoming it as an alleviation of their present thankless task. With the strongly worded denunciation of political interference in these appointments we are in much heartier sympathy. For the future, if the recommendations of the Commission are carried out, no unasked advice is to be given to the Lord Chancellor, the Lords-Lieutenant or the advisory committees by members of Parliament, candidates or political agents or associations. Mr. Verney and two of his Radical colleagues in the House of Commons object to this on the alleged ground that the advice of members of Parliament is generally honest and sometimes valuable. Where those conditions are likely to be present the appointing authorities will no doubt ask for the advice. Even if they omit to do so it will probably not matter very much. It is without doubt of far greater importance that the Lord Chan-

cellor and to a lesser degree the Lords-Lieutenant should be left to discharge their duties free from the interested importunities of political wirepullers. And we believe that in this matter the Commission will have the support of the best men in all the political parties. It is significant that Mr. Simon and Mr. Henderson do not associate themselves with the memoranda of Messrs. Adkins, Ashton and Verney.

For ourselves we have no kind of sympathy with the Radical grievance on this subject. It seems to us a blatant instance of political snobbery exploited for the benefit of the Radical party. It is often said that a large part of the cry for Disestablishment is due to envy of the social position of the Anglican clergy. Certainly this agitation about the composition of the county benches lends some colour to the charge. To destroy the Established Church because the squire will not ask the Nonconformist minister to dinner would be indeed outrageous. It would be not less outrageous to imperil the purity of English justice in order to satisfy the social ambitions of a few electioneering Radicals.

#### THE INDIAN POLICE.

MR. FREDERIC MACKARNESS has achieved a pleasant form of constructive martyrdom. His pamphlet on the Indian police has been placed by the Local Governments on the index expurgatorius as a work designed to bring the Government as by law established into hatred and contempt. He has won his crown very cheaply. As a literary effort his pamphlet will not compare with the more turgid utterances of the Bengali demagogue or the reasoned sedition of the Maratta journalist. On the other hand, it comes before its uninformed readers in India with all the weight that attaches to the words and views of an English politician who was recently a member of Parliament. Everything which these astute and disaffected people choose they can read into it. It is this which makes the writings and actions of Mr. Mackarness really mischievous. Fortunately it evoked, some ten days since, from the Under-Secretary of State the firm, if tardy, declaration that imported matter of this character will be treated in the same way as matter which is indigenous.

The pamphlet is a rather clumsy collection of misleading extracts from official publications or parliamentary records. Still the Under-Secretary's charge that it contained “an enormous number of inaccuracies on every page” seems too sweeping, though of course the India Office has information not open to private people. The quotations appear to be accurate so far as they go. It is the omissions that make them misleading, and this is true of the whole pamphlet. The ultimate object of the pamphlet is not to relieve the Indian people, or even to condemn the Indian character as exemplified by the Indian police, but just to throw dirt on the British administration. Incidentally—as Mr. Mackarness shows in one passage—his object is to discredit the evidence on which his friends and his friends' friends, the deported seditionists, were seized and to show them victims of injustice. This is one of the points on which Mr. Mackarness could probably be convicted of misstatement. If official secrets could be disclosed Mr. Montagu could undoubtedly show that the evidence on which these men were deported was not statements of Bengali policemen as Mr. Mackarness alleges. A few of Mr. Mackarness' omissions will be found instructive. Quoting Sir J. Woodburn, he leaves out that officer's explanation that the reforms involving increase of pay were found impossible in the condition of the public finances. It was not indifference but poverty which stood in the way of the Government. Why, again, does Mr. Mackarness stop short after reproducing the list of the more serious abuses alleged against the police and omit this which follows: “but they are now rare and do not affect the opinion of the public so much as the too common practices which have been referred to”?

Why, too, does Mr. Mackarness not allow for the



circumstances that prejudice the reputation of the police? They are in the Report from which he draws his proofs. There is the recognised inclination of the witnesses to speak to the evil rather than the good. There is the general admission that the persons sent up by the police for trial are usually guilty, and that the whole desire of the police is to bring the guilt home. Any proposal to remove a police station is opposed by those who live near because they know the police are their protectors. The difficulties of the police and their temptations to irregularities are increased by the indifferent attitude of the people towards crime and their readiness to offer bribes and encourage corruption. In fact Mr. Mackarness inverts cause and effect. He would have us believe that the people are indifferent because the police are unpopular. The fact is that the indifference—which, by the way, is much over-stated—is due either to timidity and want of public spirit or to sympathy with the criminal. The police, moreover, have to contend with difficulties from above as well as below. The superior courts under the influence of English lawyers have, as M. Chailley points out in his recent work, come to require a degree or standard of proof which is not usually attainable and often renders conviction impossible. This view he supports by the published statistics. Naturally the police strive to produce what the courts require, and their zeal sometimes outruns their discretion. Perhaps the worst omission of Mr. Mackarness is that he neglects to quote from paragraph 24 of the Report: "It was generally admitted that the constables possessed very much the character of the class from which they were recruited, and that the corruption was no more an essential characteristic of the constable than of Revenue peon, the process-server or the forest chaprasi". That goes to the root of the matter. The defects and vices of the police are, in fact, those of the community and of the class from which they are drawn. No one who has practical experience of it will deny that abuses and faults exist in the working of the Indian police. Though neither so universal nor so black as Mr. Mackarness believes, they are serious enough. Few perhaps will deny that they are more serious in the police than in the other great departments of the public service. One cause of this is the small number of Europeans in that service. Outside a few large towns there are Europeans only in the highest branches. This was inevitable. Apart from the expense, European constables or sergeants in rural tracts would be useless except for semi-military purposes. For the prevention and detection of crime it is and may for some time be necessary to employ native constables, controlled and directed as far as possible by a small European staff at the head. It is a significant comment on the demand for a more extended employment of Indians in all branches that the two departments most open to criticism—police and education—are those in which the natives are predominant.

There is a great deal of exaggeration and misunderstanding in the wholesale condemnation of the methods of the Indian police and in the assumption that these methods are unknown in civilised countries. Take, for instance, the common practice of extorting confessions and procuring the evidence of accomplices as informers. One would think, to read Mr. Mackarness' pamphlet or even the Police Commission's report, that the practice was peculiar to India. It would be more correct to say that it is common to every country. We need only refer to the French and American systems, with their "interrogations" of suspected persons, their "reconstruction" of the crime, and the brutality and corruption of Tammany Hall. The traditions of the Indian police are bad—perhaps the very worst we have inherited. There was little or no choice. The question was whether it was better for the communities as a whole that these abuses should occur or that crime should go undetected and unpunished. In fact, our first administrators had no option but to take over—in this as in other departments—the machinery as they found it and apply themselves steadily to its improvement. This they have persistently been doing. The Police

Report from which Mr. Mackarness so largely quotes for his own purpose shows—though very imperfectly—what the indigenous systems were. It also shows in outline what has been done to remedy their abuses. For over a century the various Governments of British India have been engaged by legislation, by organisation, by inquiry, by every method an Indian Government can employ, to improve the police administration and render it less oppressive, more honest and more effective. The record is one of continuous and not unsuccessful effort. All this Mr. Mackarness might have known, but he ignores it. He comes upon a case in which police officers have been brought to justice and punished for misconduct. He perceives in it only something he can cite to the discredit of the British rule. He says not a word of the indication it affords that the authorities are alive to the existence of such offences and doing their best to prevent and punish them. He actually complains that he cannot find any specific orders of the Indian Government prohibiting torture! Where did he look? The Statute Books and the executive regulations are full of them. The judicial record rooms disclose constant prosecutions for their violation. There is probably not a central jail in India which does not contain police officers under punishment for such abuse of their powers. As a final stroke he contrasts the callous indifference of the Indian Government with the humanity of the Tudors and the Stuarts. This is really ludicrous. In the case he cites we have Bacon the Attorney-General of England in person examining a prisoner on the rack; and the gravity of his offence, according to Macaulay, is that Queen Elizabeth had prohibited the practice. Are we supposed to infer that the Chief Justice of Bengal or the Government Advocate attends a police inquiry while the constable hangs up a suspected murderer by the toes or puts red pepper in his eyes, the Lieutenant-Governor looking on with approval? If Mr. Mackarness' object were to promote reform or remedy abuses, this is not the spirit or manner in which he would approach the question. His object evidently is to disparage his countrymen abroad, and it is with this purpose he presents only so much of the case as serves his aim, and presents it, too, in a misleading way. It is not the Indian police but the English Government and its officials whom he puts on trial, and he wishes, or leaves his readers to infer, that the British officials are the really bad offenders. The disingenuous character of the pamphlet rests on this intention—not so much on the inaccuracy of the particular cases he cites. For this reason alone it has rightly been proscribed as designed to bring the Government into hatred and contempt.

#### AIR-FEATS—THE PRICE.

**P**EREUNT et Imputantur—against all material progress are put down calamities mounting to such a score that they seem, at the moment at any rate of the loss, to outweigh the gain. The Western world in the last year or two has been especially tempted by eager gifts and popular desire to get behind the mystery of "the way of a bird in the air", and only when the death of a man standing conspicuous among daring pioneers arrests us do we begin to ask, Is the price too great? Pereunt. Charlie Rolls is dead. He once said himself that the price was not too high, and the deaths of five German aeronauts have closely followed his.

To the debt of progress many losses have to be imputed during the last few months. The Röntgen rays killed last week an eager experimenter, and the maimed victims are many. The waters of the Channel have covered the bodies of men who have fulfilled another old prophecy by travelling long spaces under the sea, to meet there the fate of good Sir Patrick Spens and his men. But the cost of progress has a more clear-cut problem in aeronautics. To a discovery such as the Röntgen rays, certain to help the fight against pain, the victims are deliberately if not willingly sacrificed. The martyr remains among

the pious benefactors of the race. In the submarine the loss comes in the course of duty. A nation decides that its safety depends on the perfection of the engine of war and picks men to take the post of danger. It is probable of course that aeroplanes will play their part above the fields of war, but hitherto they have been practised almost as a game. The latest disaster befell in the course of making a Roman holiday; and the sacrifice seems a sacrifice to a scientific play-thing. We can scarcely yet tell whether the aeroplane is likely to be an engine of general use or benefit. At present it is but a novelty, an object of wonderment, a thing like a rocket for the people to gasp at. A sight of the machine in motion gives indeed a different sense. The driver mounts lightly on to his seat, he touches a handle, the planes slip forward on their wheels, rise like a duck from the fretted surface, and in a minute the man glides comfortably first over the hedgerow, then over the trees and out of sight. Nothing could look more safe and certain, a truer triumph over the handicap of gravitation. Nevertheless as yet the thing is almost a toy, and to the toy life is sacrificed. We may take the Olympian view or the statistical view and ask what is one life or two lives in the sum of things. How do they compare with the hundreds who die daily in one way or another at the hands of civilisation? But the loss in this case is above number. We send to the sacrifice men of picked courage, and a fall from the air, a young and eager Icarus toppling to his doom, makes an impact on our sense peculiar and insistent.

The rage of enthusiasm for the aeroplane, for the mis-called conquest of the air in the line of Roger Bacon's prophecy, is an extreme instance of a master quality in the Western mind or character. It is impelled to physical achievement now more often expressible as scientific achievement. With a definite thing to conquer, especially if that thing is demonstrably conquerable, the restlessness will never abate, whatever the fate of the pioneers, till the conquest is made.

"Dauntless the slug-horn to his lips he set  
And blew. 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower  
came.'"

Of course the character is changed in face from the time when men rode on mysterious quests into an entanglement of material and spiritual dangers, and heard in their ears without loss of courage the names of "all the lost adventurers, their peers". The quest is now material, doubtless too material, but the desire for conquest, which too is a quest, is irresistible, and it must be accepted as good. The world could do without aeroplanes, without submarines, without many of the latest "necessities"; but the world could hardly do without the impetus that produced them and perfected them. The restlessness towards this sort of adventure is the Kismet of the West, for nature is fate when the will is the master. It is unthinkable that men should not strain towards this conquest, even if laggard reason fails to find proper justification or compensation. The chains of consequence are hard to trace link by link. The progress of mechanical science seems at times to conflict with true progress and the sacrifice of its pioneers to be worse than vain. But there is room for a lusty faith. All these achievements, including "the conquest of the air", command our enthusiasm. We have a sense that somehow they are linked up with the progress of men to a better state of being. It would be rash even to deny that every concrete achievement—may one select that double journey across the Channel?—has its point of contact with spiritual accomplishment, its gift of finer courage or of wider view. In the West we have always had an Eastern submission to the fate of a restless spirit; and somehow we must believe that the fate is good in spite of the grief for the fatal issue of this week and doubtless of weeks to come. The very sea-gulls, poised on sensitive planes of infinite adaptation, are overthrown and drowned by the winds against which these feeble aeroplanes wrestle. Fatalities must be, progress must be, and faith in the "somehow good" had best be.

## THE CITY.

AMERICANS, like the poor, are always with us—we mean, of course, American stocks and shares, not our beloved cousins in the flesh, though they, too, are much with us, particularly at this time of the year. But the American market has been the disturbing factor on the Stock Exchange during the last week. The differences to be paid on Thursday by those who indulge in the dangerous amusement of bulling Yankees must have been very heavy. It seems only the other day that Union Pacifics were 210 and Atchisons 118 and Steel Commons 90. Now Unions are in the neighbourhood of 167 and Atchisons about 102 and Steels about 73. The ostensible cause for this avalanche was a quarrel between the railway companies and the Federal Government as represented by the Interstate Commission. The freights, it was said by the Federal authorities, were too high, and must not only not be raised but must be lowered. To which the companies replied that, in those circumstances, they could not raise any more capital, extensions would therefore have to be made out of revenue or not at all, with the alternative result that dividends must be reduced or goods be left uncarried. It looked a very pretty quarrel, and many innocents believed it to be serious. In our opinion it was "a put-up job", partly financial and partly political. The financiers, having made a great deal of money on the bull tack, wanted to reverse engines and make as much more on the bear tack. The President and his friends, at the same time, were not unwilling to make a little political capital by twisting the financiers' tail. There is nothing so popular with the Socialist gallery in the constituencies as a dig at the railway magnates, "*Hinc illæ lacrimæ*", but the people who have shed them have been mainly Germans and Dutchmen, who gamble furiously in Americans, and not Britons. There is always a large account open in London in American shares, but it is on account of Americans and the financiers of Antwerp and Berlin. The American slump has not hurt us, therefore, and is apparently over. In another month or six weeks Americans will rise as fast as they have fallen, for trade is good in the United States.

The general outlook for Stock Exchange business is good. Money is very abundant, and there seems no immediate prospect of its becoming scarce. Home railway dividends are becoming due, and the traffic increases are not bad. The market for oil shares is in rather a fluid condition, and one small jobber in that market failed on Thursday. Nevertheless, people in the oil market persist in declaring that there will be a boom in the autumn. But the best market of all has been that for rubber shares. Without much volume of dealing, it has been firm as a rock. The special settlements, at least all the important ones, are now out of the way, and brokers, jobbers and their clients are now free to turn their attention to the big-dividend payers. Of these the best are, in our opinion, Bukit Rajahs and Linggis. Bukit Rajahs have just paid a dividend for the year of 150 per cent., and there is no doubt for the coming year they will pay at least 250, if not 300, per cent. To yield 10 per cent. these shares ought to stand at 25 or 30, and they are at 20½. The Anglo-Ceylon Company, which has just paid a dividend of 25 per cent., having earned about 50 per cent., holds 13,000 Bukit Rajahs and a lot of North Hummocks, and the shares are cheap at their present price of 4½, for they will assuredly go to 5. The Linggi Company is about to float another subsidiary company in which its shareholders will have preferential rights, so that the shares ought to go to 70s. Despite its enormous dividend-earning capacity (600 per cent. at least; some people say 800 per cent.), Selangors at £4 are a good investment; but the shares have never been popular with speculators, and they are not a very good market. Kapar Paras are, on intrinsic merits, one of the best shares, and the market is evidently short of stock. Whether as an investment or as a speculation Kapar Paras are well worth buying, for they will go to 14 or 15 during this year. Damansaras are also a good buy, for it is an old-planted estate and has some of the

oldest trees in the Malay States. Peraks are to be split into 2s. shares, and ought to be bought, as well as Patalings. The Kaffir and Rhodesian markets are for the time being dead, we had almost said rotten. The trend of capital is away from gold and towards tropical produce.

### INSURANCE.

#### THE UNIVERSITY LIFE OFFICE.

THE report of the University Life Assurance Society, which contains some particulars about the quinquennial valuation, is very disappointing. The Society was founded in 1825, and originally it granted assurances only on the lives of members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Its scope was extended later on to all who are, or have been, members of universities or recognised public schools. The limitation of the business to a select class was calculated to produce favourable mortality, in which respect the expectations have been well justified. For many years the bonuses on the participating policies have been at a high rate; in 1895 they amounted to a reversionary addition of as much as £3 per cent. per annum, calculated on the sum assured only; in 1900 the bonus fell to £2 10s., in 1905 to £2 5s., and on the present occasion to £1 10s.

The business of the Society has always been regretably small. After eighty-five years of existence the premium income is only £60,628. The actual payments to policyholders last year exceeded £71,000, or £11,000 more than the premium income. The funds, which have on occasion amounted to more than £1,000,000, have now decreased to £896,000, and the total sums assured are but little more than £2,000,000. The new business is exceedingly small, and altogether, instead of making progress, the company is standing still, if not going backwards. A large new business is by no means essential to a life office, and may in certain circumstances be bad rather than good for the existing policyholders; neither is magnitude a matter of much moment, but at the same time some measure of advance over a course of years is important for the healthy life of an institution, and this is not displayed by the University.

In the past its policies had inherent attractions on account of the large bonuses they received, and those who were eligible for membership and who wanted life assurance might well apply to this Society, partly on account of its good results, and partly because of sentiment. A simple bonus at the rate of only 30s. per cent. per annum presents no attractions, and, however good an excuse there may be for the falling-off, the Society is likely to be judged by its present rate of bonus at least for the next five years. Including interim bonuses allowed to policyholders the total surplus was £78,984, of which £720 is carried forward, one-tenth of the balance goes to the shareholders, and the remaining nine-tenths, amounting to £70,438, to the participating policyholders. This allows of only the small rate of bonus already mentioned, which is to a great extent accounted for by the fact that the Society has had to write down its Stock Exchange securities to the extent of nearly £50,000; but for this depreciation the bonus could have been maintained at the former rate of £2 10s. The present value of the Stock Exchange securities is £420,000, so there has been a loss of £50,000 on securities which were valued at £470,000. It may be that some part of this depreciation will be recovered in the future, and the effect in the meantime is to increase the rate of interest that is being earned.

Last year the yield was at the rate of £3 19s. 2d. per cent. after deduction of tax, and as the liabilities are valued on the strong basis of 2½ per cent. there is a substantial contribution to surplus from this source. The rate of expenditure is moderate, and the mortality is below expectation; hence with good fortune, or good management in connexion with the assets, the prospects of future bonuses should be favourable.

As we have said, however, the present bonus is a very poor one: in many respects the policy conditions of the Society are unattractive and old-fashioned, so that

there is comparatively little to induce an intending policyholder to seek out the University for the purposes of life assurance. We use the phrase "seek out" intentionally, because the Society does very little in the way of seeking out policyholders. We think it is a great pity that it is not more energetic in this direction. It would be a matter for great regret if the University had to terminate its career in absorption by another company. These class offices present many features that are extremely good: they ought to be able to supply life assurance on better terms in every respect than companies catering for the general public. The educated classes to whom they appeal should know when to take assurance, and how to make a wise choice of the company in which they assure. This state of things should make the need for an extensive agency organisation less imperative than it is for the majority of companies, with economy as a consequence.

The University Life Office is attractive, has been very good, and is at present giving quite indifferent results. It might do a reasonably healthy and extensive business, showing moderate but steady progress, but it does not. Unless its methods are changed we fear that its fate in the comparatively near future will be absorption by some more vigorous office.

### TOTEMS.\*

By GILBERT MURRAY.

THERE is a pleasing spaciousness about Dr. Frazer's books against which it would be churlish to make complaints. Everything about them is "bequem", as a German scholar would say. The writer has a vast number of facts to set forth, and he expounds them without hurry, never fighting hotly for his own view, never suppressing a point, always clear, considerate and candid. Anthropologists have been worried about totemism for some years past. The facts had accumulated and needed re-sifting. Dr. Frazer's old monograph of 1887 was out of print. M. Salomon Reinach and others were using the word "totem" in a dangerously wide significance, and discovering totemism in the Owl-headed Athena and the Cow-headed Hera. So we must be specially glad of what Dr. Frazer has given us. The book contains, first, a reprint of his old writings on the subject (pp. 1-172 of vol. 1); then an immense ethnographical survey of the facts of totemism, filling the rest of vol. 1 and all vols. 2 and 3; and, lastly, in vol. 4, a quantity of notes and corrections of the author's old views, and some final theoretic results. Now the most valuable and masterly part of the book lies, pretty certainly, in the ethnographical survey. So does the best reading. But no brief article could properly represent that vast encyclopædia of strange and amusing and suggestive facts about infant humanity or the wonderful knowledge and insight with which they are arranged.

He defines totemism as an intimate relation which is supposed to exist between a group of kindred people on the one side and a species of natural (rarely artificial) objects on the other side, which objects are called the totems of the human group. This definition is very wide. It would make it difficult for us to deny totemism to the ancient Seriphians, who never killed a lobster, "and if they found one dead, mourned for it as for a near relative"; or to the Psylli and the Snake-born people in Mysia (Strabo, p. 588). Dr. Frazer himself suggests that the "intimate relation" must really be a sort of "identity". A man of the Dingo totem does not say "I am related to a Dingo"; he says "I am a Dingo". Also it might be urged that the name "totemism" ought not strictly to be used except in cases where (1) there is some taboo against eating the totem, (2) there is some taboo against marriage between two of the same totem. Other cases should be regarded as approximations to totemism or degenerations from it. On these points Dr. Frazer defends his own

\* "Totemism and Exogamy: a Treatise on Certain Early Forms of Superstition and Society." By J. G. Frazer D.C.L. In 4 vols. London: Macmillan. 1910. 50s. net.



definition, and, in especial, holds that totemism is quite distinct from exogamy and is an older institution.

A most puzzling question is presented by the distribution of totemic peoples on the map of the world. To the plain man totemism seems an eccentric, not to say an insane, theory for any human beings to adopt. Why, in the first place, should a man take it into his head that he and his are all turtles or witchetty grubs? And why, even if it was so, should they therefore be debarred from marrying other people who were also turtles or witchetty grubs? One might also wonder a little why, if some of them did not much mind eating other men, they so carefully abstained from other turtles. Yet this extraordinary system of belief is found in the whole of Australia, in nearly the whole of North America, in some dozen widely scattered parts of Africa, and in some races of India, regions as utterly separate in geography and in history as they well could be. If there ever was a common origin for all the different divisions of totemism it must have been at some remote palæolithic period when the divisions of the earth were very different from what they are now.

In the fourth volume Dr. Frazer enumerates various theories of the origin of totemism, including two old ones and one new one of his own. He first thought that perhaps the totem was connected with the external soul. On this view the common practice at initiations of pretending to kill and resuscitate the novice really consisted in taking his soul out of him and depositing it safely in the totem animal or plant. This theory was not borne out by the facts, and Dr. Frazer was led to a completely different one by the discoveries of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen in Central Australia. Their studies showed that, as a matter of fact, the totem groups are largely occupied in trying by magic dances to produce food for the tribe, the witchetty-grub totem dancing for witchetty grubs, the kangaroo totem for kangaroos, and so on. Dr. Frazer suggested that perhaps the whole origin of totemism was a division of a tribe into separate bands for the production, by magic of course, of an organised food supply. But, as he says himself, the motive implied was too rational and the social organisation too complex to be primitive. The totems, too, were often not edible or desirable objects.

His last theory is put forward, and his old ones withdrawn, with all that candour and modesty which mark Dr. Frazer's work. It is based on observations among the Aruntas and other tribes of Central and Northern Australia, and has been confirmed by Dr. Rivers' account of the Banks' Islanders, and is roughly this. Many primitive tribes are not aware of the cause of the birth of children. They have merely observed that from time to time women do bear children. The Arunta explanation is that at a certain moment the woman has passed by a rock or tree or sacred spot haunted by the spirits of the dead, and that one of the spirits has lodged itself in her body. In the Banks' Islands the woman, when she becomes conscious of her pregnancy, looks round for the cause of it, finds it in some object, mostly a fruit or animal which has in some way come near her and disappeared. The child, when born, is regarded as being that object, and is forbidden to kill or eat any member of the species. The suggestion is that this is the primitive seed from which totemism grew. At some period this individual animal or vegetable ancestor became hereditary. The "conceptional totem" became a regular clan totem.

The evidence for this "pre-totemic" stage is most interesting and important, and the theory should not be rejected without much consideration. Yet it is not at first sight convincing. Among primitive men the individual comes much later than the tribe. The separating-out of the individual, so as to possess qualities and beliefs of his own, is one of the regular processes of civilisation. And if it is correct at all to speak of the totem of an individual (as distinct from a manitou, or guardian spirit), such a conception seems to be derived from the true tribe totem, not to be the origin of it. The word "totem" is said by Max Müller (on I know not what authority) to be the Ojibway for "my tribe". The first-hand evidence of the Rev. Peter Jones, himself a full-blooded Ojibway, and

others states definitely that a "totem" or "doudaim" is a tribe or the device of a tribe. This all tells against its starting as an individual birth attribute. And there is some difficulty, too, in the assumption that the Arunta and the Banks' Islanders are more primitive than the tribes which practise the ordinary totemism. One could wish that Dr. Frazer had dealt more fully with Mr. Andrew Lang's criticisms on this point.

It would be rash for anyone to dogmatise on a point where Dr. Frazer is uncertain. But we suspect that the solution of this question may ultimately be found, if anywhere, in the peculiar helplessness of the attempts at classification made by primitive peoples, a subject which we are only beginning to understand. When such peoples want to make a classification they have only their very scanty stock of old class words to make it with. A new object—say a spirit-lamp—is classified as "north", or as "rabbit", on principles which are apparently satisfactory to those who hold them. Now a very primitive race, wishing to distinguish one set of its members from another, and having almost no discriminating adjectives or categories at its command, could hardly do better than use the names of the most conspicuous classes it already knew. "Bears and Beavers are different: you are all Beavers, and you others are all Bears." A vague feeling of the difference between the two classes would thus be satisfied and defined and exaggerated in the usual savage way. You must call them something, and the most important beasts and plants are the most obvious things to call them. That would give the totem clan. The rules of exogamy would follow and the notion of consanguinity be extended to the actual bears and beavers. The reason why a particular clan was called after a particular beast would remain a question, though the reasons assigned for Red Indian nicknames might afford a partial clue. M. Emile Durkheim is not, if we may believe Dr. Frazer's notes, a very safe authority on totemism; but it looks as if some of his ideas—for instance, those referring to the social origin of the categories and the origin of marriage taboos—might with a little modification lead us in the right direction.

#### ROBERTSON AND SOME OTHERS.

By G. S. STREET.

IF I had been asked a week ago for an off-hand but final opinion of Robertson's plays I should have said, if in the society of my juniors, that they were rather pretty and rather silly productions which were dead. In the society of my elders, who unhappily are growing fewer, I should have been more discreet, probably alleging and lamenting my comparative ignorance not to hurt their feelings; for I well remember with what passionate pride Clement Scott and others like him, when accused in the dear old Ibsen fights of being incapable of fresh appreciations, used to point to their splendid services to the reform of the drama when they had acclaimed the genius of the said Robertson. I should have been discreet as a member of society who would be inoffensive; as a writer, asked to say something on the subject, I must remember the tag about Plato and truth. Nevertheless, it would be grievous to jar on memories of old delights. It is a real, if a minor, pathos of humanity that the reforms of our youth stir our blood and the reforms of our age merely stir our spleen. I never saw the plays which immediately preceded Robertson's, and it is hard to realise that they were so bad as to make his appear a tremendous advance; still, one can imagine that after sheer fustian it was a great relief to see more or less real life and to hear more or less real speech on the stage. Also, as a sentimentalist myself, I can understand anyone's annoyance on finding that what raised lumps in his youthful throat should raise a sneer now on critical lips. Let me hasten to plead that if I see silliness in Robertson it is a kindly silliness, and that I sympathise with such a true, if not very deep, sentiment as that of Captain Hawtrey and Sam Gerridge seeing one another's worth: I am not sure my throat was not

affected by it when I first saw "Caste" some quarter of a century ago.

Anyhow, half my answer to my juniors would have been wrong. Robertson's plays are not dead. They have been running at the Coronet Theatre, I am told with success. The fact suggests a few reflections. It suggests, for example, or reminds us, that there are a good many people who cannot really care for the theatre of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Granville Barker or Mr. Galsworthy. There are limits to the possible catholicity of taste in art. You may enjoy and appreciate a play of Mr. Shaw's, and also enjoy and appreciate a music-hall comedian or two men hurling plates at one another's heads, but enjoyment of Mr. Shaw and of Robertson are incompatible. If your intelligence is engaged by the one it *must* be bored by the other; if Robertson satisfies it, Mr. Shaw must puzzle it. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker and Mr. Galsworthy deal with the life of ordinary modern folk; so does Robertson: if you are satisfied with his way of dealing you cannot possibly care for the others'. It is true that Robertson is forty years old, but the appeal of the "up-to-date" covers but a little of the differences. One real difference may be stated with sufficient accuracy, I think, in saying that Mr. Shaw and the others write for adults, Robertson wrote for boys and girls. His drama excludes, as a great mass of our present books and plays, also professedly written for grown-up people, excludes, the questions which in all modern countries except England and America are supposed most to interest adults. A difference connected with this, but not identical, is the far greater demand they make on the intellect, both on the intellect as a thinking machine and on the instructed intellect, for if they do not actually demand a previous acquaintance with current philosophy and discussion such an acquaintance vastly increases one's enjoyment of their plays. A good deal would be missed in Mr. Barker's "Waste" by anyone who had escaped—perhaps luckily—any knowledge of the eternal confusion about education. I am far from saying that the greatest art of the theatre need make such an intellectual demand. A very simple mind might understand Synge's "Well of the Saints", both in its humour and sublimity, and I would place that play—if one were forced to "place" things—higher than any play of the three contemporary dramatists I have named, for cleverness and even thoughtfulness are commoner matters than sheer beauty. But Robertson's plays are in the region of cleverness, faithfulness to life, and so forth, and in that region they are immeasurably inferior to Mr. Shaw's and his colleagues'. I am sorry to say that the continued popularity of their inferior appeal does not surprise me: I thought they were dead only because I had not happened to hear of them lately. The English may or may not be decaying in vitality generally, but surely it would take a very bold flatterer to maintain that the average of floating intelligence among us is higher than in Robertson's time. Whatever be thought of our characteristic popular press and really popular novels and the most of our popular plays, their appeal is certainly not to intelligence. What has happened is that a development of the drama has attracted to its service and its support a sort of people who used to leave the theatre alone. That is all: the great heart is not with you, my friends, and is not likely to be. A more quickly intelligent or a better educated public may make your fortunes in other lands, not in this. I should add that I have taken these three later names as typical without forgetting the services of older playwrights to an intelligent theatre. The best of Mr. H. A. Jones' plays, in idea and significance, are infinitely superior to Robertson's. If Mr. Jones has not taken the theatre into the study, he has at least taken it out of the nursery.

So far my reflections have been very complimentary to my contemporaries. I will add one which ought to be of some comfort to Robertson in the Shades. If he had not told pretty little stories, if he had not had a good eye for dramatic effect, if his plays had been only "conversations", they would hardly have been revived at the Coronet Theatre. There has been some discussion of late about the proper form of plays, about "leaving

Aristotle out", and so on. I am not inclined to take a high line about this matter. I do wonder a little that the mere difficulty of conducting a story through a play should not be more attractive to some folk. It was the Chinese puzzle of the thing that attracted me in my own abortive efforts; my ideas, such as they were, I would have been content to express in novels or essays. But so long as I am amused and interested I care nothing if the entertainment is "a play at all" or not. I will remark, however, that if your mere conversation falls from a high standard it strikes the earth with a dull thud, with no story or dramatic effect to break its fall. That, I thought, was the case with Mr. Shaw's "Misalliance", which Mr. Max Beerbohm, his staunch eulogist, was constrained to chastise in this Review. It was as though one listened to a raconteur, usually brilliant, who was out of sorts but good-naturedly did his best to amuse his company, searching mistily in his mind for stories which had been effective before and telling them badly. "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara" and "Candida" one could see joyfully again and again, even if there had been nothing (and there was much) but good dialogue in them. But "Misalliance" was dismal and Robertson must have this comfort. His dialogue was poor stuff, I think, but it was not the whole of his plays.

#### THE OTHER STRAUSS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

ON making a survey of the works of Richard Strauss, beginning at the end and ending at the beginning, one finds down to a certain point a steady improvement. It is not often that artists progress backward, and great artists never do so; but it is the case of Strauss that he has composed his works in the wrong order, the reverse order. "Feuersnot" (Mr. Basil Tozer informs me) was written before "Heldenleben" "Salome" and "Elektra", and it is much better than these. It marks the nearest approach Strauss has made to a work of art. All his plentiful poverty of thematic material is there: not one theme can be found—an original theme I mean—which can be carried away, or indeed seems worth the setting down; but the folk tunes and imitations of folk tunes are brisk, bright and at times beautiful; and the scoring throughout endows the music with a crystalline Mozartean clearness. The music itself possesses something of that clearness: the part writing is stupendously ingenious and, without being formal, does not consist of reckless, determined, brazen endeavours to make any one melody "work" with any number of other melodies. Something distinctly resembling a tune is hinted at sometimes, and though these half-promises are not in so much as one solitary instance fulfilled, for the hint, the half-promise, we ought to be grateful. If only Strauss could now retrace his steps, grow younger instead of older day by day, in a very few years he might grow into a genuine composer.

The libretto is, to speak as the vulgar, the most magnificent piece of cheek I have come across since the "Heldenleben" was published. In that noble achievement Strauss set a part of his life to music; he described his youth, his love, his struggles, his victory and his final domestic felicity—or at least he labelled his score so as to leave no doubt that he meant to describe them, and he called the whole work "A hero's life". What would Milton, Mozart, the Duke of Wellington have said about such a piece of self-glorification? But in "Feuersnot", which if it is an earlier is therefore a riper work, he "goes one better". A gentleman named Wolzogen wrote the book. Whether this is the only Wolzogen known to fame, the Bayreuth Wolzogen who has devoted his life to expounding his own views on Wagner the Prophet, not Wagner the mighty musician and dramatist, is more than I can say, or care to ask. Whosoever the gentleman may be, he is evidently one



of the crowd that attaches itself, not necessarily to a great man, but to a "coming" man. The Wolzogen we know, we know only because he attached himself to Wagner; and this Wolzogen, be he the same or merely another of the same name, has evidently attached, or tried to attach, himself to Strauss, and the impudent boastfulness of Strauss is shown by his setting the thing and allowing it to go forth to the world. When a charge of this kind is made proof must be given, and proof shall be given.

To begin with, almost as bad a libretto as "Feuersnot" might be effected by an ape working in collaboration with a congenital idiot. The ape could mimic the drama of Wagner—so to speak, its gestures; the idiot would worse confound the confused by throwing the scenes into absurd and unnecessary disorder and choosing the most utterly meaningless words to express the Wagnerian ideas (as conceived by the ape). The language used in "Feuersnot" is to the language of a Wagner opera as the gibbering of an ape or the village idiot to the speech of a great orator. A favourite notion of selfish old Wagner was that women existed mainly to "save" men by sacrificing themselves. The idea, so far as I know, first came into literature with Heine's version of the story of the Flying Dutchman. It is used by Ibsen in "Peer Gynt", and I think it was Mr. William Archer who in an enlightening footnote pointed out its absurdity: no man, he remarked, can have his life saved by a man: "no, nor by a woman neither". When I commented on the arbitrary condition of Wagner's Dutchman's redemption some praise was given to me for my remarkable insight; but the credit, whatever it may be worth, should have gone to Mr. Archer: he gave me the tip, and I am sorry I did not acknowledge it. This musty fallacy was seized on by Mr. Wolzogen as the fundamental "truth" on which to build "Feuersnot". Obviously he thought it original. Major Pendennis, Thackeray remarked, lived so long with great men that he came to think himself a great man; but perhaps Thackeray had no chance to notice that a commonplace man by living with original men ends by thinking himself original. The original man convinces the commonplace man on some point, and the commonplace not only is convinced but imagines he has made a discovery on his own account. This seems to have happened in the case of Mr. Wolzogen, and the discovery was never worth the making: it was the discovery of a silly lie. If Wagner accepted an idea and used it in his art all his life, one may not say that the idea was accepted because of the acceptor's stupidity; the Romantics, especially the later Romantics, had many extraordinary delusions, and this idea was one of them. But the inherent stupidity of this "man-saved-by-woman" idea remained to be revealed, so to speak, as under the limelight by Mr. Wolzogen. It is Midsummer-eve, and children are hunting around old-world Munich for wood to light the Beltaine fire. Our ancestors, although they did not smoke, had evidently experienced all the horrors of being without a match. They had known the need of a Prometheus. Whether Beltaine was the Teufonic or Keltic equivalent of Prometheus I am not learned enough to say, but a fire was lit in his honour every year. So the children, begging wood, knock at the door of a house in which lives one Kunrad; he comes out and gives them permission to tear his house to pieces. They do so: from the orchestra and from the wings come sounds of the ripping up of staircases, wainscotings and ceilings. Meanwhile Kunrad has seen the burgomaster's daughter Diemut and has promptly fallen in love with her. Kunrad, it ought to be mentioned, is an alchemist and a sorcerer who, as far as can be determined, has never dealt an honest stroke for the good of mankind—but it may count unto him for righteousness that he allows the youngsters to rip his home into bits. Diemut resents his advances and retires to her own room. When the children have gone off to light their fire, and the sun has set, she comes out on a balcony to comb her hair; Mr.—or, to give him his just title, Count—Kunrad sees her and suggests that she should let him

into her bedroom. Now, to go backward a moment, after the fashion of Mr. Richard Strauss, her father the burgomaster has had a huge basket hung by a rope attached to a windlass situate in Diemut's bedroom. Apparently this was contrived for the purpose of giving the guttersnipes firewood in a dignified way: that is, instead of the wood being handed from the tradesmen's entrance it was carried up to Diemut's bedroom and, at the psychological moment, dropped down. Diemut very rightly resents Kunrad's proposal, and, to punish him, she tells him to get into the basket to be hoisted up. He gets in and she hoists him half-way up. He is in frightful danger. Half a foot above him is Diemut's balcony, and, should he fall, the drop is not less than four feet. A crowd collects to jeer at him, so he frades on his sorcerial arts and turns out all the lights in Munich and puts out all the fires. Diemut, seemingly, relents and lends him a hand up the six or six-and-a-half inches to her balcony; and from that stand Kunrad addresses the mob, telling them that Richard I. dwelt in his house and that he, who now dwells there, is Richard II. For the sake of peace and light and warmth, it would seem, Diemut consents to love Richard II., and he turns on the lights again (with the loudly vociferated assistance of the stage manager), and the opera ends, at 10.15 p.m., with a chorus in praise of love, Diemut and Kunrad. A woman's love saves not only the hero but a whole citizenship from death by cold and starvation; and the hero, Richard II., is the successor to Richard I. (Wagner) and his name is Richard Strauss!

Could impudence, linked in joyous companionship with stupidity, go further! Kunrad's name is not Richard; but, waiving that, what has he done to deserve well of the multitude? Why should Diemut's kiss, bestowed in the secrecy of a dark bedroom, save the multitude? This is Wagner's and Heine's old idea in its last stage of imbecile decrepitude. The whole story outrages probability, possibility and desirability.

I refrain from quoting specimens of this ignominiously weak libretto, and my only reason for giving so much attention to it is that Strauss' habitual admirers constantly preach to us about the intellectual side of his work. If his music is at times ugly, they say, the ugliness is necessitated by the exigencies of "intellectual exposition". From so unpleasing a subject I turn away gladly to say a word or two about Mr. Beecham's performances. The part of the rehearsal I heard was excellent; the first performance was decidedly bad, the second performance was magnificent. The scene lacked something that we used to get at poor Covent Garden, a sense of the old world, of "the old time that was before us"; but that may have been due to the smallness of the stage—though I don't see why such an excuse should be necessary. The artists on the last occasion sang beautifully and dramatically; the playing of the orchestra was crisp, clear and harmonious. Such accompanying as Mr. Beecham has given us is a new thing in London.

## BOY CRICKET.

By W. C. BRIDGEMAN M.P.

IS all well with our public-school cricket? Certainly spectators have no right to complain of the programme provided for them at the Eton and Harrow match this year, containing as it did all the elements of variety which have made the great game popular. The two sides were fairly matched. Both teams played the game according to the highest tradition. It is true that no individual batsman could be classed with the well-known heroes of either school, and I am inclined to believe that no living coach can produce the effect which R. A. H. Mitchell and I. D. Walker could show when they had promising material to work upon. Nevertheless if the batting was undistinguished by any superlative merit, it was comparatively free from the paralysing practice of stepping in front of the wicket for every ball, which is the plague of first-class cricket to-day. The bowling was excellent and never got loose,



the fielding was keen from start to finish, often brilliant and vastly superior to anything the Universities could show, whilst the tone and temper of both sides were admirable.

And what of their nerves? One of the great merits of this and the University match is the severe ordeal of playing before a large and excitable audience. Moralists have said a great deal in late years of batting collapses, generally on the Eton side, and have drawn most exaggerated conclusions as to the degeneracy of the modern boy. There was no faint-heartedness in this match. On the contrary, there was conspicuous courage in the brilliant innings of Manners (who will certainly make a man) and in the cheerful attempt of Harrow's last wicket to pull the match out of the fire. The contrast between Harrow's first and second innings was mainly attributable to the ball in the first innings just missing the wicket, and the catches just going wide of the fielders, whilst in the second everything came off right for the attacking side.

The truth is that boy players are not often nervous unless their friends and relations make them so. They are anxious, and they would be mentally defective if they were not. But they can work off their anxiety by trying their best, whilst their parents, palpitating in the pavilion, can do nothing to relieve the tension for themselves. It is the older players who are unnerved, as Cambridge were before Le Couteur. It is a common occurrence in a boys' match for the last wickets to alter the complexion of a game, but a very rare event among men. To the sanguine temperament of youth a game never looks lost till it is won. It is delightful to hear the confident cheers which burst invariably from the boys' stands when the last batsman, with an average of three, steps forth to deal with a situation which requires a century.

"Nil desperandum" is the plain moral of this match—and one might add "Teucro duce et auspice Teucro"; for there never was a match in which a captain played a more conspicuous part than Fowler did, both by his individual play and by his judgment in managing his side. Indeed, the difference in the management of the bowling by the two captains was alone almost enough to compensate for the advantage gained by Harrow in winning the toss and putting Eton in to bat on Friday in a perfectly atrocious light.

R. L. Stevenson, speaking of the story of the "Revenge", contends that "it ought not only to enliven men of the sword as they go into battle, but send back merchant-clerks with more heart and spirit to their bookkeeping by double entry". Is it too much to hope that a match like this may even restore to the monotonous existence of a county cricketer a livelier sense of the marvellous possibilities of the game if played in a similar spirit?

All is well with our boys. May they carry the freshness of their spirit into the ranks of their elders.

#### LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN:

##### A LAGUNA AT SUNSET.

By WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

ONE evening early in the second week in May I rode down towards the shores of an inland laguna. The heat during the day had been excessive, and the absence of bird life, in a country so abounding in birds, almost sinister, but as the sun lowered the birds seemed to appreciate the change and came into view in numbers on every side.

I was on a low promontory which sloped gently to the water, and as the place was favourable for watching the laguna and its occupants, I dismounted on the little isthmus, and, hobbling my horse, left it to munch the rich grasses whilst I crawled up to the summit of a knoll, some twenty feet above the marsh, whence I could command extensive views, westward, northward and eastward.

Lying prone among the rank herbage, I was fairly concealed by the masses of golden marigold, pink thistles and white daisies which covered the hillsides

right down to the shore. The laguna below me was so overgrown with waving reeds and sedges that, save here and there, where small patches of water glistened in the rays of the setting sun, it resembled a grass-grown plain, and it was difficult to realise that before me lay a considerable expanse of water some feet in depth. But to the wanderer versed in marshlands, the darker bands of bulrush, with their rich rufous-tinted feathery tops, showed unmistakably that water, and plenty of it, lay below the rippling surface of the reeds. On either side of the laguna were gently undulating hills clothed in the fresh green of young barley and wheat. Northward extended the "vega" or plain for miles, now a sea of reeds and grasses. Beyond all, the lower spurs of the sierras, dotted with grey masses of rock towards their summits, with wooded valleys below, formed a fit setting to the picture before me.

The sun sank lower and the tops of the wooded hills westward appeared clear-cut against the evening sky, the far-distant horizon to the north, bounded by the faint purple outlines of the hills, giving some measure to the vastness of the plain to my front.

My presence was soon detected by the beautiful Whiskered Terns, which were busily engaged in hunting over the reed beds. These, after the manner of their kind, came swooping down on me with harsh cries. It seemed as if it were a matter of duty for every bird which saw me or saw others mobbing me thus to enter a personal protest at my intrusion. I was really doing no harm, for I was far from their nesting stations and it was yet too early for them to have eggs to protect. Nevertheless at me they came, and, after a few sweeps and curves close past, they would skim away on the lightest of pinions, their place being taken by others equally indignant. So incessant was the outcry against me, and so uninterruptedly did the protesters come from all points of the compass and whirl around, that I ceased at length to notice whence they came or whither they sped.

All terns are beautiful, and few birds have a more marvellously graceful flight. Yet these Whiskered Terns strike one as being exceptionally beautiful, their long silvery wings and sharply forked snowy white tails making a most telling contrast to their black breasts, for black they appear to the eye in the bright sunshine of Spain, although scientifically described as being dark smoky grey.

Only some sixty yards on my right the muddy fore-shore of the laguna, cut deep by the passage of innumerable cattle, bordered a clear open pool in whose shallows a party of the picturesque Black-winged Stilts were wading, their jet black mantles, white breasts and crimson legs showing with more than usual brilliancy against the dark background of bulrush. Along the water's edge were small parties of Redshanks, whilst on the surface of the water beyond a pair of the handsome White-eyed Pochard were swimming about amid the white ranunculus.

As the sun touched the horizon many duck, which had hitherto been concealed amid the reeds, rose and commenced to fly around seeking their nocturnal feeding-grounds. I recognised besides the Mallard and his mate, White-eyed Pochard and the delicately tinted Marbled Duck. Presently a party of six duck of unusual appearance came flying right towards me, and, not detecting me in my shelter among the herbage, swept past at close range, their silvery grey and black plumage and conspicuous white heads proclaiming them to be unquestionably the White-headed Duck, a species not often met with in Europe.

The whirl of passing duck now became continuous, as they appeared from all quarters, many from nests among the asphodel on remote hillsides far-distant from the marshes, all seeking their favourite pools where they could splash and preen themselves and luxuriate in their evening bath and feed. One after another they dropped into the water amid the waving green reeds whence arose a contented babel of quacks and cries.

Just before the sun dropped below the purple horizon the distant trumpeting of Cranes reached my ear, and soon, from the west, a pair of these truly

glorious birds came into sight, flying very low and straight towards my place of concealment, and dropping in the reeds in the shallows only a short distance to my front. I was truly rejoiced to see them, for these noble birds, which to my own personal knowledge nested in some numbers in Southern Spain only thirty years ago, have been harassed beyond belief. The natural result is that when they arrive in their thousands in the early spring, those few who have hitherto remained to nest in Andalusia seem to have realised that it is safer to continue their journey to Lapland and other parts of Northern Europe, where they can nest in security. Hence it is that every year fewer and fewer remain to nest in Southern Spain, where their eggs are diligently sought after and eaten by the countryfolk when in quest of ducks' eggs.

After alighting amid the reeds, which at this point were comparatively low, the great birds began to walk slowly in a most dignified manner, halting ever and anon, towards some favourite pool. Their silvery backs decked with the huge waving black plumes of their tertiary feathers, now in the greatest glory of their nuptial dress, were a splendid sight, whilst their white cheeks, black heads and crimson crowns showed up with unusual brilliancy in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Soon they entered the higher reeds and were lost to view.

As the darkness settled over the marshes the chorus of frogs swelled louder and louder, whilst the multitude of cries from herons, ducks, coots, and other marsh birds innumerable filled the air. My sudden appearance as I rose to go was the signal for a perfect uproar of bird voices, the Stilts being peculiarly bold and vociferous. As my horse splashed homeward through the water, ever and again stumbling into some deep muddy hollow where the pigs had been digging, now entirely concealed by the dense reeds, I was escorted by a perfect army of Whiskered Terns, who did not cease to whirl around me and scream their indignant protests at my undesired intrusion until long after dark, when I had gained dry land and was well on my homeward road.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### EGYPTIAN RACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, S. James' Street S.W.  
12 July 1910.

SIR,—The object of my letter, to which Mr. W. J. Garnett courteously refers in your issue of 9 July, was solely to draw attention to the position, in the Egyptian question, of the Fellâhin and the Copts, who make up the bulk of the population. I therefore excluded from my remarks the Semitic and Levantine elements. Of the tourists very few combine their activities to the Delta, and there are fewer still of them who would not respond to the question "Who are the Egyptians?" "Arabs". This is a matter for surprise, for there is a vast difference between them. On the other hand, in many respects fresh-comers often receive truthful and useful impressions to which those of much longer experience, under limited and special conditions, are not so susceptible. My full sympathy goes with Mr. Garnett's pity for the Copts, and all Christian communities, if they were to fall again under the domination of bigoted and arrogant Moslemism. To this domination, extending over many centuries, exercised frequently with a savage brutality which one shrinks from describing, are largely due the failings in Coptic character manifest to official cognisance. As to the depth of the religious qualities of the Copts, is it for us, as a people, to throw the first stone? Have we no pitfalls? It is indeed a shocking and demoralising spectacle to see gangs of Fellâhin taken to the prisons, chained together in cattle-trucks, for "minor offences"! It is nevertheless inconceivable that to-day the official soul should yearn for reversion to methods

of the past, which the youngest student of human nature can connect with the specific faults of the Fellâhin so candidly defined by Mr. Garnett.

May not some reason be adduced other than "el Muslim ahsan min el Nusrani" for the alleged refusal of plundered villagers to denounce brigands? It is probable that they would have done so at the risk of their lives. In the case of Sicilian brigandage, terror or reprisals often accounted for silence.

Mr. Garnett contends that the instinct and genius of sane self-government are wanting in the natives. Statesmanlike qualities may seem to have been atrophied by the methods of government of the gentlemanly and simple Turk and fanatical Arab; but I am sanguine enough to hope that under an enlightened and sympathetic supervision these will, by gradual progression, be found to exist and be capable of a development not inconsistent with a modified self-government.

Mr. Garnett does not altogether follow my remarks as to "the remnants"—Turkish and Arab. But why after "the Turkish remnant" should follow immediately "(of the Arabs)" is an enigma. Mr. Garnett's "historical fact" is only partly true. All the higher officials were Turks (Albanians, Circassians, Armenians etc.) under Mohammed Ali and his two successors. It is true that Ismail replaced them to a considerable extent by Egyptians, who feared him and did in every way what they were ordered to do.

But some of the older class retained their snug berths, and when Tewfik became Viceroy there remained still Mudirs and other high officials who were "Turks".

I repeat, what I stated in an evening journal the other day, that when I was in Egypt those commonly known as Arabs were free from taxation and conscription. Even the settled Beduin at Giza claimed exemption and obtained it in spite of Lord Kitchener. El Wardani was most probably of Arab descent.

Generally speaking, the nominal Mohammedanism of a vast number of the Fellâhin dates only from the eighteenth century.

Yours faithfully,  
A. B. SAYCE.

## THE NEED FOR MORE BISHOPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 July 1910.

SIR,—Will you permit one who was ordained in 1858, and who already in 1868 contended publicly that we wanted at least a hundred bishops, to join in the discussion on the needs of the Church which has been initiated in your pages?

I most cordially re-echo the dictum of your correspondent "Churchman" that "it is quite hopeless under present conditions", and indeed "positively cruel, to expect diocesan bishops to undertake any more work". On every side our somewhat antiquated Church system is breaking down under the strain of modern requirements. The bishops are blamed for the fact that nothing has been done to adapt that system to those requirements. But as long as the Episcopal bench is so hopelessly undermanned the reproach is unjust, except to those on that bench who resist the increase in their numbers.

It matters not in what direction we survey the work of the Church, the effect of want of time to attend to their work on the part of the bishops is plainly to be seen. Time was when the bishops could give valuable help to their flocks when controversy arose. They might not all of them be profound theologians, but they had at least time enough to form an intelligent opinion on the points at issue and help others to do the same. Now it is very rare to find a bishop who has independently investigated the subjects which are debated amongst us. He is compelled by stress of business to depend upon the utterances of experts, and experts may fail adequately to weigh the questions on which they are ready to pronounce. All kinds of other questions simply clamour for solution. The relations of the Church to the State, which have lately undergone a considerable strain on account of the alteration

by the latter on a point of real moment—the marriage laws—require more attention than they are receiving. The financial system of the Church has grown almost hopeless, and though something has been done to improve matters, it is quite inadequate. Clergy pensions, dilapidations, official fees, homes for clergy who are past work, the improvement of the status of the unbeneficed clergy—these are all matters requiring immediate attention. Some of them have been tinkered at, but none of them have been satisfactorily dealt with. The mode of raising Church funds is capable of much improvement. In an article I contributed to the "National Review" last year I mentioned the case of a clergyman in the manufacturing districts, who, though a man without means and without interest, was set down in one of the poorest districts in his neighbourhood to build a church, to collect the funds for which was a task left solely to him. He wrote to the bishop asking leave to put his name on the appeal for funds which was issued. The bishop replied that it was not his custom to do what was asked. It was small wonder that a Wesleyan remarked to the unfortunate incumbent-elect, "We should never think of putting any of our workers in the position you are occupying". The church is now built, though at what a cost to the nerves and brain of the man on whom such a responsibility is laid few people know, and not many care. A letter from the clergyman in question lies before me, received this morning. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have received the form drawn up for the patronage of the new living. But the bishop is going for his much-needed holiday. The future incumbent, who has repeatedly broken down through nerve exhaustion, must go for his holiday while the summer lasts if he is to remain at his post. But the application to the Court of Chancery for some £800 cannot be made until the incumbent is instituted, and meanwhile the incumbent-elect is responsible for an overdraft of some £1500 and the five per cent. interest payable on it. A better mode of wearing a man out who has neither money nor interest, nor a single well-to-do parishioner, could hardly be invented. And, indeed, to my certain knowledge incumbents in poor districts are breaking down and dying not infrequently under such conditions as these.

Then look at the strain of Easter and Holy Week. From town and country alike come reports of clergy engaged from 5 A.M. to 2 P.M. on Easter Sunday with scarcely a moment's intermission. I know of one case where the men expressed a wish to have their afternoon Bible-class as usual, in spite of the heavy task through which the clergyman had gone, and it was held. And none but the priest, save where there happens to be a newly ordained deacon, can take a share in the services. A numerous non-preaching diaconate could be had for the asking. But one or two false starts in such a relief to overworked clergy have been made, so the overworked bishops have shrunk from even so obvious a mode of relieving a strain greater than mortal man can bear. Overworked bishops make overworked clergy, and overworked clergy must of necessity be inefficient. And the number of ordination candidates is falling off, so that the overworked clergy are less able to obtain assistance than ever.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Evidently not the bishops. Let us therefore hope that they will listen to the cry of a sorely tried Church and do their best to increase their numbers.

J. J. LIAS,  
Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral.

#### THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grosvenor Hotel, 13 July 1910.

SIR,—If you will kindly allow me space in your columns, I would like to reply to some remarks made in your issue of 2 July regarding the National Service League.

The League most decidedly means business and cannot be accused of not being "quite straight". The League advocates compulsory military training for home defence.

We could not ask compulsorily trained men to go abroad except as volunteers. But we should then have a reliable and sufficient home defence force to make us perfectly secure at home, and to enable our regular Army and our Navy "to go anywhere and do anything" that imperial interests demanded.

You say this is not "business". We of the National Service League are of opinion that it is emphatically business, and most straightforward business.

You use the word "conscription". The League does not desire conscription. Its aim is as I have stated, and "quite straight".

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,  
V. M. STOCKLEY, Colonel (Indian Army).

[No one suggests compulsory service abroad in peace time; but if the compulsorily trained men are not to be liable for service abroad in war, then we emphatically repeat that the League does not mean business.—ED. S. R.]

#### NON-SEXUAL SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Elm Lodge, Clevedon, 12 July 1910.

SIR,—Your article on bi-sexual suffrage in your issue of 28 June last referred to the evils attending the extension of the franchise. I crave your permission to suggest a system of non-sexual suffrage as a solution. In this the vote would be given only to the head of the family, i.e. to the married man. A widow with children would exercise the vote of the head of the family.

This general idea could be usefully subjected to certain modifications or amendments by withholding the vote from childless households and by increasing the number of votes in the case of large families. It might be found advisable also to give the vote to the head of the family only so long as he had children under age. Should the law be altered sanctioning a polygamic state the head of two or more families would naturally be entitled to two or more votes.

The advantages of some such system of franchise appear to be obvious. The most intelligent member of the family would probably exert his or her influence on the vote.

Properly regulated matrimony tending to a flourishing and contented State would be encouraged.

Under present conditions the head of a large family is the most severely handicapped unit of the State, and groans under taxation for the benefit of others. It is probable that his grievances would stand a fairer chance of being remedied under the proposed system of franchise; and, when all is said and done, it is the family that counts.

Yours faithfully,  
G. K. WALKER.

#### TO REFORM THE COMMONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 June 1910.

SIR,—Now that a Conference has met to remodel the House of Lords, could it not be arranged that the Conference should extend its labours to the purification of the House of Commons and thus free our Lower Legislative Assembly from undesirables, ignoramuses, drunkards, etc.?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. M. S.

#### VERSUS POLITICI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 June 1910.

SIR,—I wish carefully to guard myself against seeming to criticise, as a whole, your review of 25 June entitled "Isometry with a Vengeance". There is evidently a serious difference of opinion between your



reviewer and Mr. Walker, the author of the book reviewed. As regards most of the matters which go to make up that difference, I confess myself to be what your reviewer calls a "non-expert", and it would be presumptuous for me to offer an opinion.

But I notice that the critique in question classes as one among a "brood of nightmares" Mr. Walker's view that the "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been rewritten in *versus politici* and then put back into something like classical metre. I do not venture to assert that Mr. Walker is right in this contention (or rather in the contention that some of the lyrical parts of the play have been so treated); but I feel myself justified in saying that the contention is not one that can summarily be put on one side. The reason why I feel justified in saying this is the fact that, unlike some even of the most eminent scholars—and I do not claim for myself that I am a scholar at all—I have had occasion to read for my own purposes, however unscholarly they may be, large portions of mediæval Greek written in the political metre. Coming, as I have come, almost fresh from this experience to a perusal of Mr. Walker's remarks on the "Iphigenia in Tauris" and of the choruses of the play itself, I fail to understand why Mr. Walker's suggestion (whether it be right or wrong) has not been made long ago. At almost every turn certain choruses of the play present so strong a similarity to *versus politici* that some explanation or other to account for the likeness is absolutely necessary. Whether the author of "ANTI MIAΣ" has hit upon the right explanation I dare not attempt to judge; that he has pointed out a phenomenon that scholars will have to explain is clear at a glance to anyone who has read, with an eye to metre, even a single book written in the political measure. And personally, though I do not presume to pass a verdict, I can see nothing improbable in Mr. Walker's suggestion, in view of the fact that the earliest manuscript of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" appears to date back only to the fourteenth century—that is to say, to about the period which saw the discovery of the art of printing.

Perhaps, after all, it is not wonderful that the peculiar feature about the "Iphigenia in Tauris" should hitherto have passed unnoticed. The political metre is an accental metre subject to definite rules—it is a metre in as full a sense as is the hexametrical or the iambic. Yet some of the greatest scholars seem to have been ignorant of this fact, and I take it that their ignorance can have been based on nothing but contempt. Hermann in one place quotes a long passage in *versus politici*, and tries to emend it: but his emendations run counter to the most elementary political rules. To come down later, Rutherford (*quem honoris causa nomino*) in his "Babrius", after citing a lengthy passage in excellent *versus politici* from John Tzetzes, actually remarks: "The reader must excuse my quoting so much of this drivelling verse (I have written it as prose and done it an honour)". Contempt and ignorance can blind the eyes even of the wisest.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

I. K.

#### "THE REAL AND GENUINE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 July 1910.

SIR,—Just a line, not of controversy, but of apology. Let me say at once how sorry I am for my error on the above head included in my reply. When, however, the Professor says that this issue of the "School" is alluded to on page 445 of my second volume he is mistaken. That page alludes to a parody of 1784 which is in my library.

Faithfully yours,

W. SICHEL.

P.S.—Concerning the "Journal to Eliza", I now find that one page of my "Sterne" gives it the epithet of "unpublished", but the prefatory note to the Appendix makes no claim, and a leading American newspaper has

commented that "the point is not prodigiously important, and altogether too much pother has been made about it". Let me add that the "Archivist", from which I took two letters (one on page 136), speaks of both as unpublished.

#### LIVINGSTONE AND THE CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 July 1910.

SIR,—In 1913 the whole Christian world will be celebrating the centenary of the birth of the intrepid missionary, David Livingstone, and a scheme has already been set on foot for commemorating that event in a practical manner. Livingstone, before taking his doctor's degree, was a student at the Charing Cross Hospital, and the authorities there feel that it would be a fitting memorial of him if they could restore this hospital to that full measure of usefulness of which it has been deprived for some years past through want of funds. They are proposing, therefore, to open a David Livingstone Centenary Million Shilling Fund, in order that they may be able to reopen the closed wards (containing eighty-seven beds) for the relief of the sick and suffering. Those who wish to send contributions, or who would like cards or books for the purpose of collecting from their friends, should communicate at once with me at Charing Cross Hospital. Livingstone once wrote: "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe." Those who help us now will commemorate his name in the way he himself would have wished.

Yours faithfully,

A. W. OXFORD.

#### THE NECESSITOUS LADIES' HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

48 Upper Berkeley Street W. 13 July 1910.

SIR,—You were good enough to allow me space in your valuable paper on a previous occasion to appeal for contributions to provide country or seaside holidays for necessitous ladies. I venture once more to trespass on your kindness.

Governesses, typewriters, musicians, actresses, hospital nurses out of work, secretaries and ladies in other professions—it is for these I plead. Too proud to beg for themselves, they are frequently left behind in the city, weary and spent, to struggle on with their monotonous lives, whilst women of a different class are liberally provided with holidays.

The good of rest and change in summer time to these poor ladies is incalculable. May I not beg, then, of my more fortunate readers that they will extend the hand of friendship to these friendless ones? All contributions will be received with heartfelt gratitude, distributed and acknowledged if sent to me to the above address.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

#### CAUGHT IN THE NET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 June 1910.

SIR,—Will you allow me to suggest to the bird-lovers among your readers that during the summer season they should make a point of periodically visiting their fruit nets and so insure against such of our little songsters as may have been caught there dying a slow death by hunger and thirst?

It is quite a common thing for the dead body of a thrush to be found entangled in the meshes of a strawberry net, and one does not like to think of the lingering death by which the little thief has atoned for his very natural greediness.

Yours,

Z.

## REVIEWS.

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE JOURNALIST.

"Lord Glenesk and the 'Morning Post'." By Reginald Lucas. London: Alston Rivers. 1910. 16s. net.

ABOUT sixty years ago Disraeli prophesied that parliaments were on the wane, and that the only two powers which would survive were the Crown and the press. In modern Germany Lord Beaconsfield's prediction has been completely verified; while in Great Britain, if it is too early to appraise the power of the Sovereign, there is no doubt that the press is stronger than the Legislature. After the abolition of the paper duties in 1861 the power of the press sprang up in a night, and waxed rapidly. The family which founded and, until the other day, owned the "Times" has always held proudly aloof from honours and rewards—very much to its credit. The peerages of Glenesk, Burnham, and Northcliffe are symbols of the homage which the modern Prime Minister pays to journalism; and if there is no Radical journalist-peer it is only because the power of Radicalism in the press is in the inverse ratio of its power in the electorate—a paradox, but a fact. The peerage bestowed upon the owner and editor of the "Morning Post" was the most honourable of the three mentioned, not only because the "Morning Post" has always maintained its independence, but because Algernon Borthwick was more than a newspaper owner; he was a genuine brother of the pen, a real fighting writing journalist. Messrs. Lawson and Harmsworth have made their millions and won their coronets, not by literary but by commercial ability. We regard their success as similar in kind to that of Sir Weetman Pearson or Sir Christopher Furness. Whether a man contracts for ships, or bridges, or leading articles, is all the same: it is the organising capacity, the selection of men to do the work for you, the arithmetical faculty, the absence of bowels, that win the game, and run into six figures sterling. Very different was the case of Algernon Borthwick. He wrote as furiously, and lived as frugally, as the meanest of the children of Fleet Street; the world was his oyster, which he with pen did open. It is difficult for those that only knew the elderly and somewhat florid buck, who lounged through the lobbies of the House of Commons in lavender gloves, or languidly raised his shiny hat from one of the red benches in "another place", to realise the vivid picture of a struggling Paris correspondent which Mr. Reginald Lucas draws for us. Lord Glenesk's father was one of the pathetic and only too familiar instances of the man who embarks upon the career of politics with insufficient capital. Every man before entering the arena should calculate his power of resistance. Peter Borthwick sat as the Conservative member for Evesham for quite a number of years. But he got thereby into debt, and there was no fairy godmother, as in the cases of Disraeli and Bulwer-Lytton, to come to the rescue; and, besides, he had a large family, which the other two geniuses had not. Peter Borthwick became editor of the "Morning Post" in 1849—the proprietor was a Lancashire mill-owner named Crompton—and died in 1852, an embarrassed and disappointed man. Two years previously he had despatched his eldest son Algernon, at the age of nineteen, to Paris as correspondent of the "Morning Post", at a salary of four guineas a week. The boy turned out to be a born journalist. He was lucky enough to be at Paris when the attention of the world was concentrated on that city. He was there when Louis Napoleon made his coup d'état, and there is an amusing account of how he piloted the beautiful Mrs. Norton through the guard at the Tuileries on the following morning. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and Algernon Borthwick made the most of it. His descriptive letters gave the "Morning Post" a position of its own. He became its editor at the age of twenty-one, about the same age as Delane when he became editor of the "Times". For the next twenty-five years Borthwick had a pretty

hard struggle. He had brothers and a sister, a delicate wife and two children. The "Morning Post" cost threepence; the circulation was ludicrously small (compared with modern figures); and the editor's salary was in proportion. But Borthwick's heart was in his work: his first thought on rising and his last on lying down was the "M.P.". All happenings and all men were regarded from the "M.P." point of view. And if he worked very hard, and was not very rich, he had the compensation of being a personage in London society. Lord Palmerston made much of him, and the French Emperor showed him great civility, as well he might, for the "Morning Post" was certainly useful to his cause. Palmerston saw quickly enough that Borthwick knew more about French politics than Delane, or than any other English journalist. In truth, Borthwick was one of the few Englishmen of his time who spoke French really well, and in temperament and habits he was something of a Parisian. The "Morning Post" was always Palmerstonian and Napoleonic in its politics; for the two traditions which the paper has never abandoned are a robust, genial, man-of-the-world imperialism, and Protection, or Fair Trade, or Tariff Reform, whichever title may be preferred. The turning-point in the commercial fortune of the "Morning Post", the stroke of the magician's wand which wafted the Borthwicks from Eaton Place to Piccadilly, was the decision to sell the paper at a penny instead of three-pence. This step was taken just after Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881, Sir Algernon Borthwick having been enabled by that eccentric millionaire, Andrew Montagu, to become owner as well as editor of the "Morning Post". It made the fortune of the Borthwicks and of Lord Randolph Churchill. For the first time Tory democracy had an organ, and without the "Morning Post" the Primrose League would have been a failure. Sir Algernon Borthwick was elected for South Kensington in 1885, and held the safest seat in England until he was made Lord Glenesk in 1896 by the Queen, who honoured him as her neighbour in the Highlands with her personal friendship. Of his political career Mr. Reginald Lucas says well the little that there is to be said. However great a personage Sir Algernon Borthwick might be in the Strand and in London society, he was nobody in the House of Commons, which is a republic with laws and honours of its own. Considering that writing and speaking are two branches of the same art, it is curious how few men succeed in both. On the private side of Lord Glenesk's life Mr. Lucas touches with tact and feeling. The subject of this most interesting memoir was a devoted husband, a generous and sympathetic father, a loyal friend, and very charitable towards the unsuccessful. He had his little faults like other men. His temper was quick, but not vindictive; and he was fond of lords and ladies—sensibly so, for Mayfair is safer, pleasanter, and prettier than Bohemia. His best witticism was his remark on the quarrel between Mr. Cust and Mr. Astor that "de custibus non est disputandum". In closing this volume one is tantalised by the feeling that the best things have been, as usual, left out by the judicious editor. There is a description of a little dinner at Stafford House, at which the Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield met, that just raises the curtain and gives us a glimpse of what the writer might have told us better than anybody else. The letter from which we quote was written by Borthwick to his wife on 21 January 1881. "Lord Beaconsfield was lively at dinner, but sleepy and tired and old afterwards. . . . It is a great pity that Lord Beaconsfield is so old, and this severe weather freezes his shrinking brain; but Lord Salisbury, who is the next head of the party, is young, and he will live to be Minister of one of the strongest Governments that England has ever seen. The cruel weakness is in the Lower House men; votes exist, but brains, inception, and power are lacking. There is curious patience and even indifference about political matters. It is a transitory mood and will be succeeded by a strong reaction; but it is singular and cannot escape notice." What a description of the dying statesman! What a shrewd prophecy of the



immediate future! And what a lifelike portraiture of the present Unionist party! We would give a Jew's eye for a few more letters like this.

#### JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS.

"A History of Japanese Colour-Prints." By W. von Seidlitz. London: Heinemann. 1910. 25s. net.

THE art of the Far East seems to be now gaining its due meed of appreciation even as Japan has asserted her rank among nations. In the last generation a few men have known and have slowly spread their conviction that Japanese and Chinese art was not confined to exquisite craftsmanship in wood and metals, porcelain and lacquer and cunningly wrought ivories, things which the European may admire to ravishment, but always with a certain reserve of disparagement or disdain, because he conceives them to possess no content of intellect. But these pioneers had learnt of the existence of great historic schools of painting, distinguished not only by beauty but by a singleness of purpose and a sense of the essential that put to shame our confused Western dealings with paint. At last the interest of the wider public has been awakened, and England at least has no mean opportunity of acquiring a sound appreciation of Eastern art. Two years ago the publication of Mr. Binyon's "Painting in the Far East" did much to open this exquisite domain; with singular grace and felicity he has explained to us the ideals which inspired the painters of China and Japan and has become the interpreter of what was at the outset a strange language of art. This year, with extraordinary generosity, the Japanese have sent us of their best, and in the galleries at Shepherd's Bush are displayed week by week the treasures of the great houses and the temples. Pictures that for centuries have only been reverently unrolled from time to time for the elect are being hung together in a gallery, so that here in London we can gain a conception of the long tradition of Japanese art in a manner that has never been possible at one place and time even in Japan itself. The British Museum authorities also have taken the opportunity afforded by their recent acquisition of the Wegener collection to make up an exhibition of the choicest examples of their now unrivalled collection of Chinese and Japanese paintings, and two or three visits to this gallery may well remove the hardest varnish of Western self-complacency and cause the most educated to review his conceptions of art. The first introduction of Eastern art to Western connoisseurs was provided by the Japanese colour-print; from 1862 onwards they began to find their way into Europe, and at once their influence appears in the art of Whistler, Manet, Degas and others. Collections were formed and have appreciated enormously in value, though the recognition that awaits them has hardly even yet begun, for the ordinary art collector has not taken them in hand nor have our provincial museums recognised both their intrinsic beauty and their value to designers. In Japan they were at one time regarded with some contempt, for they were the products of a popular and artisan art alien from the classical and aristocratic schools of painting, and they dealt largely with the theatre and the frail beauties of the Yoshiwara, people whom no self-respecting Japanese of noble blood would recognise. But now that the lapse of time has removed the immediacy of these ignoble associations, they are being as ardently collected and as greatly prized in Japan as in other civilised countries. And though we must not mistake them for more than a small province, and that not the highest, of Japanese art, though they are trifles beside the masterpieces of Masanobu or Korin; yet in addition to their own special qualities we may trace in them precious inheritances of the great style of the old masters. It should be remembered that the Japanese colour-print is not the reproduction of a picture but a work of art designed expressly for that technique, so that it possesses the individual quality we likewise recognise in an original etching.

This "History of Japanese Colour-Prints" was first published in Germany in 1897. The translation has been considerably amended in the light of Fenollosa's later conclusions and of the dates given in the Hayashi catalogue, and sixteen coloured reproductions, chiefly from examples in the British Museum, have been added to the black-and-white illustrations in the original text. But though von Seidlitz' book is the best account of the colour-print that has appeared in English, it is not wholly satisfactory, and, we fear, will for some time block the way of a more illuminating and adequate treatment of the subject. Throughout we feel that the author is writing at second hand, compiling from Fenollosa, from Anderson, from the Hayashi and other sale catalogues, notices of pieces he has not seen for himself nor knows except through reproductions. The earlier half of the book is occupied with a general survey of Japanese painting, and though the presentation of the Oriental point of view is sound and often illuminating to the reader who is coming fresh to the subject, the author is writing without authority and repeating the views of other men with no personal outlook of his own to give them due perspective. He has much to say of the primitives and the origin of the colour-print, and here he follows Fenollosa absolutely. Now Fenollosa, with all his extraordinary knowledge, is in some respects a dangerous guide; he had a mania for being cocksure, a persuasion that he could date a print to a single year, and a general pretence to accuracy which must be impossible to a foreigner surveying for the first time so undocumented a subject. His cardinal assumption that the first dated print of a given kind was thus dated to mark the invention of the process—an assumption which leads him to assign the earliest two-colour print to Shigenaga in 1743 and the first polychrome print to Harunobu in 1765—is unlikely enough as hypothesis and has since been upset by the discovery of colour-prints inscribed with an earlier date. But putting aside these exercises in scholarship, the later part of von Seidlitz' book becomes more valuable. He rightly brings the eighteenth-century artists to the forefront as the true possessors of the great style, but in his anxiety to put before us the Japanese point of view he somewhat unduly depreciates Hokusai. It is true that Hokusai has been over-praised, and that much of his work was done when the technique of colour-printing was on the decline; but to speak of him as "remaining to the last an artisan", "lacking in sterling personality", and "fast bound among externals" is to react needlessly against the former extravagances of appreciation. Style and tradition are not the whole content of an artist even in Japan, and Hokusai's line, his broad human sympathies, his daring, even fantastic, individuality, make him the outstanding artist who worked in the colour-print technique. After all, that which exalts Utamaro, Harunobu, and Kiyonaga above their fellow-workers is precisely the personal vision they possessed, something outside and beyond the school with which they worked. Still, it is interesting to note the reaction; Hokusai is not to-day the artist in most demand among collectors: the naïve prints of Harunobu and his co-workers, the more esoteric productions of Utamaro, the intense, almost savage, work of Sharaku command the great prices.

The translation of von Seidlitz' book is pedestrian and reads but dully in places; the process plates, too, have lost some of the delicacy they had in the German edition; but the new coloured illustrations are in many cases excellent, notably the splendid reproduction of a fan leaf by Shunsho on page 78. For an appreciation of Japanese colour-prints we shall still have to go to Goncourt, nor will the collector here find the details of editions and states he requires; but to the layman who wishes to get a general view of the subject and gain some conception of the relation of the colour-print to the stream of art in general and Japanese art in particular we can commend this book.

## CRITICAL ESSAYS.

"Essays, Modern and Elizabethan." By Professor Edward Dowden. London: Dent. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is some time since Professor Dowden last published a book, and we have missed him. Professor Dowden wears his erudition as lightly as a Frenchman, and he spices his chapters with the stories that are always new. Who would wish to forget Johnson's brilliant epigram on "the addiction of Country Squires to Rural Sports and Diversions in preference to other pursuits: 'Sir, I have found out the reason of it, and the reason is that they feel the vacuity which is within them less when they are in motion than when they are at rest'?" In the present volume there is an amusing picture of King James I. losing his short temper at a flagging masque and shouting to the performers (Prince Charles and his own favourite, the Marquis of Buckingham, were among them) "Why don't you dance? What did you come here for? The Devil take you all! Dance!" Among hitherto unpublished matter is the disclosure of the actual facts about Hayley's quaint endeavour to raise his friend Cowper's horribly depressed spirits by means of a fictitious vision. He pretends he saw Cowper's mother in heaven and that she bade her son cheer up because he would soon get well again and would receive complimentary letters from M.P.s, bishops and judges; moreover, the Prime Minister would grant him a pension! Cowper did revive for a time, and after great efforts Hayley got him the pension—too late.

Professor Dowden's knowledge is wide, and he can hit exceeding hard. Witness his estimate of Judge Webb, the Shakespeare-Baconian theorist, who is "vivacious", "brilliant", but "unfortunately not well-informed". Out of his wide knowledge Professor Dowden is able to give suggestions and information to works like the "New English Dictionary" or the "Dictionary of National Biography". But he is by no means a lover of learning merely for its own sake. He studies Elizabethan psychology because he wants to understand difficult lines in Shakespeare and Spenser. As for mere specialism, "the enthusiasm of the specialist is too often proportioned to the obscurity of his toil; he has departed from the centre and cannot find his way back". That Professor Dowden himself, in the best sense, is a "literary specialist" everybody knows. Shakespeare and Goethe have been his peculiar studies. It is from Goethe—and not from Saint-Beuve as Mr. Gosse has written—that he has mainly derived his tone and method.

What light has he to throw on either of these demigods? We are disappointed with his discussion of Shakespeare's self-revelation. Strangely, no allusion at all is made to the work of Mr. Frank Harris—surely a serious omission. Why, again, should the learned critic take the trouble he does to refute Mr. Sidney Lee on the Sonnets? Is Mr. Sidney Lee a critic? Against Mr. Sidney Lee Mr. Dowden might, in this matter of self-revelation, have set his own favourite Goethe. Says Goethe in unmistakeable language: "As man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality". This is, at any rate, nearer the truth than the old Browning comment:

"With this same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart", once more!  
Did Shakespeare? If so the less Shakespeare he!"

In these essays the "West-Eastern Divan" and "Hermann and Dorothea" of Goethe are traced in their inception and development. In beautiful, melancholy phrases our critic gives the reason for the want of popularity of the "Divan" poems, even in Germany, where Shakespeare is regarded as second poet. Goethe was sixty-five when he wrote them; and he did not preserve, as Shakespeare did to the end, his original freshness and vitality. He suffered from too much

philosophy and a love of preaching. The "Hermann and Dorothea" was one of the few earlier pieces of which he was proud in his old age. Really it is something of a monstrosity—a rural-domestic poem in hexameters in nine books, each headed by the name of a Muse! The use of hexameters, and of hexameters alternating with pentameters, is altogether alien from modern poetry, and as uncongenial to our taste as would be a revival of ancient German alliteration. Even among the few quoted lines of "Hermann and Dorothea", forged with all Goethe's marvellous skill, there are lines that are literally unreadable. The abuse of the stately hexameter is as ridiculous as Longfellow's use of a comic metre in his epic of "Hiawatha". Edmond Scherer was nearly right in finding "something inharmonious, something even ludicrous"—Goethe's sense of humour was not great—in this "antico-modern and heroico-bourgeois idyll". Scherer regarded it as a not quite successful feat of ingenuity, and the turn of a straw "would set the reader laughing at these farm-horses transformed into coursers, these village innkeepers and apothecaries who speak with the magniloquence of a Ulysses or a Nestor . . . the product of an exquisite dilettantism" . . . not sincere, but factitious. How nearly right! If Scherer had possessed a little more insight and sympathy!

The other important essays are those on Pater and on Ibsen. The Heine, especially after Matthew Arnold's brilliant critique, is not quite satisfactory. Both Arnold and our critic seem to have missed the inner meaning of Heine's view of the world as a "bad joke" of the Creator. The Ibsen essay is excellent for the determination it reveals to be fair. Readers of Ibsen are "eager climbers, perpetually on the strain, who never quite reach the point at which they could repose and enjoy in quietude a sure attainment. There are no 'horizontal lines' which may stretch to the illimitable. . . . With Ibsen the lines are all precipitous and abrupt; we are for ever scaling to the Viddes or above them; we hang over desperate fissures; we cling to jagged edges; we are enclosed in forlorn and shadowy chasms, or encounter some sudden, spear-like shaft of light." The "third empire" idea underlying "Emperor and Galilean"; the genesis of the anguishing tragedy of "Brand", of the sportive, characterless "Peer Gynt"; Ibsen's dramatic versions of the ancient, but never obsolete, "Be thyself", and his consequent absorbing interest in complete and incomplete individualities regarded as such;—all these and many other fascinating points are admirably put. But shall we subscribe to Professor Dowden's verdict on "The Masterbuilder"? "The action has all the consequence and logic which a dream seems to have while we are still dreaming, and all the inconsequence and absurdity which we perceive in our dream when we awake." It all "hangs together coherently enough as the shadowing-forth of an idea. As a sequence of real incidents in this real world it does not rebuke that critic who called it 'a bewildering farrago of rubbish'". What, then, is the second part of "Faust"?

Pater deservedly occupies the first place. It is far the best of the essays, written with keen sympathy. Not often could be read anything more admirable than Professor Dowden's tracking of Pater's thought—"that endless dialogue with himself which constituted his life"—through "Marius the Epicurean" and the Renaissance studies. He indicates as the vital fact to be remembered that Pater's "special gift, his unique power, lay in the eye and in the imagination using the eye as its organ". Professor Dowden, whose power of concentration is astonishing, never wrote a finer summary than that of his friend's Spartan-Platonic ideal. He concludes: "Temperance, superinduced on a nature originally rich and impassioned—this is the supreme beauty of Dorian art. . . . He is before all else a lover, and infinite patience, quite as much as fire, is the mood of all true lovers. It is, indeed, this infinite patience of a lover which in large measure gives to Pater's own studies of art and literature their peculiar value." How true this is, anybody who has ever seen



a MS. of Pater's, a few words written carefully on small pieces of paper and marked off with scansion lines, can testify.

There remain to be mentioned some hitherto unpublished poems of "Ardelia", the Countess of Winchelsea, whom Wordsworth admired and Matthew Arnold found "a revelation". Her verse certainly reveals a finished, dainty, Watteau-like talent, but nothing more. The "Elizabethan Masque" gives opportunity to show the superiority of England over Italy in the masque, owing to "the lofty invention of its poets", and "the crowning glory of the species in Milton's 'Comus' . . . which evades the formal laws of the courtly toy".

#### THE PERSIAN MUDDLE.

"Persia in Revolution." By J. M. Hone and Page L. Dickinson. London: Unwin. 1910. 5s. net.

IT is easy enough to find the faults of this book. They lie on the surface. It figures as a rather poorly assorted collection of extracts from newspaper letters and articles. As a narrative it is disjointed and discursive, and it is padded with a quantity of irrelevant matter. About two-fifths of it has little or no connexion with Persia in or out of revolution. The authors travelled via Baku from Enzeli to Teheran and back. Their descriptions of that well-trodden highway and much-visited capital are merely topographical commonplaces. The excursions into Persian history are superficial in character and remotely, if at all, connected with the main purpose of the work. Yet the book is interesting and instructive. It is written in a pleasant, unconventional style and shows a saving sense of humour; the sketches of character and episode are shrewd and suggestive. The views expressed of the situation generally are impartial and help to an understanding of the attitude and motives of the various parties. The chief merit, however, of the work is that it presents a clear perception of the atmosphere of the revolution. And what a revolution! Were it not for the pathos that must invest the struggle of a misgoverned people to obtain better government, it would resemble an opéra-bouffe performance—an Alice in Wonderland revolution, where the unexpected and the impossible seem usually to occur. In fact it is not one but a series of sporadic uprisings, every one with its own centre and special character. The whole Administration suddenly fell to pieces, and the strongest and most adventurous everywhere took command.

The original movement against Muzzafar-ud-din perished with him. His successor dissolved by force the Assembly or Majlis which he had inherited with the Crown. It had never justified its existence. Mohammad Ali failed in turn to make good his position; his resources were soon exhausted, and he became practically a prisoner in his retreat at Bagh-i-Shah, protected by his Persian Cossacks under Liakhoff, who represented what there was of disciplined force in Persia. The Nationalists equally failed to organise and concentrate their power. The Bakhtiari had a revolutionary centre of their own at Shiraz under Sirdar Assad, and there was another at Yezd under Sirdar Jung. The only capable member of the Royal Family, the Zill-us-Sultan, Governor of Ispahan, left the country, and on his return was seized and held to ransom for £400,000 by the local Nationalists. Resht had a little revolution of its own, originated by a band of Russian Caucasians. The leadership was taken over by the Sipahdar, a relative of the Shah and a general in his army, who became a Nationalist for the occasion. Associated with him was Panoff, a Bulgarian adventurer who was out for what he could get, and proceeded to seize the Shah's half-brother, who foolishly landed at Enzeli, and to exact a "ransom". Any army the Shah possessed was in a leisurely way besieging Tabriz, where the Nationalists stoutly held their own under Satar Khan, until finally relieved by the intervention of Russian troops, who interposed for the protection of the European residents. Wherever the disturbance spread the unfortunate populace seem to have been plundered indiscriminately

by all parties, unless there were local chiefs powerful enough to keep order. Meanwhile foreign visitors and residents moved about unmolested, finding the hotels and rest-houses open and the post-horses at their use as usual. They were received and interviewed impartially by both sides. It was only Persians who had to seek refuge and sanctuary in the foreign Legations at Teheran.

The attitude of Russia and the effect of the Anglo-Russian Convention are impartially stated. Russian interests were undoubtedly placed in peculiar peril. Her own territory was disturbed and threatened by the anarchy along her borders. The Caucasians and others who aided the Nationalists came to Persia not merely as Persia's friends but also as Russia's enemies. She would have interfered on the Shah's behalf during the civil war, had the Agreement not existed. England would not have been in a position to interfere actively and effectively. There was much to justify the Russian intervention at Tabriz, and, that task accomplished, she has adhered to her undertaking with England. "The Anglo-Russian Agreement ensured for Persian Nationalism the half loaf which is better than no bread." The half loaf for Nationalism perhaps; but we are much inclined to think that for Persia it is rather "no bread". Lord Percy, whose opinion on matters Persian was better worth having than that of any number of travellers and writers, held that the best thing for Persia was to muddle along anarchically until she could throw up a strong man who would make a capable Shah. He had little regard for Persian playing at Parliament.

#### NOVELS.

"A Corn of Wheat." By E. H. Young. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

The name of E. H. Young on a book is not familiar; and, after a series of doubts—which are really compliments to the author's intuitive powers in grasping the essence of male and female character—we believe the author to be a woman. Assuming this, we venture the opinion that she steps at once into a particular circle of writers that includes some of the greatest names. There is nothing superficial, nothing meretricious, about this book, and it is written throughout its length with a careful love of language and a fine appreciation of words that would in any case distinguish it from nine novels in ten. The story is that of Judith, the pagan sister of an English parson and sister-in-law of Bessie who wears bangles. To call Judith a "child of nature" would only be misleading in so far as the phrase suggests the wrong poet; we would rather say, from "The Woods of Westernmain", that Judith "foots at peace with mouse and worm" until, after the discovery of passion, she "quavers at a dread of dark"; the garden to which she was akin, the trees that were her friends, forsake her and frighten her. She runs away, and cherishes in solitude the prospect of her child, which pathetically she decides will be a girl. By a coincidence, which in reading we do not find far-fetched, the landlord of her lonely cottage is none other than the father of her child, Halsted the young Socialist. To such as Judith, however, he is no more than a necessary evil who has done his work—her need of him is past; and, worried by the appalling society of her new surroundings, she succumbs to the religious influence exerted over her by a man who is a draper by trade and a revivalist preacher by what he conceives to be a call. Judith allows this Mr. Beales, whose very name is an æsthetic horror to her, to make of her, as he would say, an honest woman. Married to him in name but not in fact, her tragedy culminates; her baby, the pivot of her life, dies at birth—Judith never sees her; and for a while the childless mother half-wakes to the cruelty of civilisation—she who had hated to see a flower plucked to decorate a room is herself prisoned in a loathsome town. Thoughts of killing herself naturally arise, but, naturally too for Judith, the will to live is stronger, and she leaves her "husband". She goes to Nell Halsted, sister of her

former lover, a capable and noble girl who has devoted herself to making a home for the "lost". This rapid survey cannot touch upon either the clever weaving-in of the side-issues, such as that at which we have just hinted, and the second love affair of Roger Halsted, nor the delicacy and sureness with which the author stamps each of her characters. The picture of the Halsteds' socialistic jam-making home, in which every person is a genuine fresh human spark, is also—to us at least—quite original in design and treatment; and if the vicarage, with the Rev. Charles and his wife Bessie and their children, reminds us of "Red Postage", it is only for the lesser qualities of observation and humour—there is a serious truth about this author's representation which Miss Cholmondeley never achieved. In short, this is a book to read again; and this is an author to watch.

**"The Building of Thelema."** By C. R. Ashbee. London: Dent. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this is the book of a craftsman. Mr. Ashbee's name is guarantee for that; the shape of the book, the choice of the type, the balance of the page remind you as you read that to such as the author (as to William Caxton and William Morris) the book is a thing complete in itself. The lettered title-page with its Greek script quotation, balanced by the line frontispiece, announce the same fact, and give away the subject of the book. Within, too, is the handiwork of a craftsman; the design is to model Thelema—the modern idealist's improvement on the abbey of selfishness built for the monk by Gargantua; but Mr. Ashbee calls in to his aid a distinguished company of fellow-craftsmen, dead and gone, from Plato to Cecil Rhodes. His tale is full of reminiscences of happy books. His hero is Ralfe the apprentice, a modern Cockney counterpart of the Knight of the Burning Pestle; he makes his symbolic journey to Thelema, and his sojourn therein, in company with all sorts and conditions of men, like Bunyan's Christian; the boys and craftsmen intersperse their labour with songs—capital songs—as sure of their mark as those which Izaak Walton set down. There is a pleasant scene from Mickleton, redolent of Cotswold earth; and a clever reconstruction of "Henry V." as performed at the Globe in Southwark. It is a book to linger over, to appreciate with deliberate gustation, despite the humorously unreal way it has of playing with Cockney phrases—a trick of Mr. William de Morgan's. And one is left asking "Will the dream come true?"

**"The Other Side."** By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Nelson. 1910. 2s. net.

David is a founding and a musical genius who at first flies high and writes tonal poems; he is then introduced to musical comedy and produces a light opera which contains an entrancing waltz, with the result that his hearthstone becomes warm and his high hopes faint thereon. A motor-car accident disembodies his spirit during Book II., but as he isn't really dead, Book III. shows him alive again, but blind. Mr. Vachell writes easily, but despite a parade of acquaintance with psychical matters, we feel that the whole is shallow. It would perhaps be possible to adopt the hackneyed phrase that "we were unable to lay down the book until the last page was turned", but there were few pages which we turned with interest and many which we turned with fallen hope. To our mind, Mr. Vachell—if we may use a vulgar Americanism—has bitten off more than he can chew, and the book is overloaded with themes and theories which have not enough room to grow. The question whether a good writer who has once condescended to "pot-boiling" can recover the first fine rapture is one which alone should make a book.

**"The Fall of a Saint: a Novel."** By Eric Clement Scott. London: Greening. 1910. 6s.

This is a sensational novel founded on a very good situation, the death in a stage duel of an amateur actor. The two duellists were at feud in real life, but the

secret of the accident or murder is well preserved. A virtuous young man—brother of one of the duellists—is captivated and ensnared by the widow of the other in a manner familiar in fiction of this kind, though unintelligible enough. And then we have a shrewd and unscrupulous private inquiry agent, and a wonderful East-End girl, and what is technically known as gay life in Paris (but of a dullness!), so that the reader cannot complain of monotony. But if Mr. Scott must write about earls, why does he not discover the proper style of an earl's eldest son?

#### SOME BOOKS ON ART.

**"Leonardo da Vinci's Note-Books."** By Edward McCurdy. London: Duckworth. 1910. 5s. net.

The reissue of these selections from the voluminous writings of Leonardo is sure to be welcomed by the student and general reader, to whom the literary, philosophical and artistic passages chosen are of greater interest than the purely scientific and mathematical notes. Such a task of selection from the twenty note-books and bound volumes of loose sheets of various sizes containing about four thousand pages is no light undertaking, especially when it be remembered that Leonardo's minute handwriting runs across the page from right to left and needs a mirror for its elucidation. A study of Leonardo's own practical and pithy sayings goes far in itself to dispel what Pater called the "légende" which early biographers wove about this extraordinary man, obscuring the savant in the charlatan. The young artist of to-day could find no better advice than that contained in the precepts on painting, and many an unsuccessful one might wish he had realised with Leonardo that "there are many men who have a desire and love for drawing, but no aptitude for it". To the mariner in distress also one may commend Leonardo's ingenious way of "saving oneself in a tempest or shipwreck at sea" by means of "a coat made of leather with a double hem . . . quite airtight", which you blow out before jumping into the sea.

**"The A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery."** By J. F. Blacker. London: Stanley Paul. 5s. net.

The success of the author's "A B C of Collecting Old English China" has induced him to embody in book form various articles he has published on old pottery, and the result is an eminently useful and readable handbook, fully illustrated, and enriched by practical notes on values, and an appendix containing information as to the latest auction prices. In this branch of collecting, as in almost every other, prices are steadily rising, and the judicious buyer of twenty or thirty years ago may boast of possessing a fragile fortune on his shelves. Among the sensations in this branch of collecting in recent times has been the remarkable "find" of old and experimental pieces of Wedgwood at Etruria a few years ago, and the subsequent formation of the Wedgwood Museum there. The author claims to have acquired special information with regard to these from Mr. Cecil Wedgwood, and this is published here for the first time.

**"Schools of Painting."** By Mary Innes. London: Methuen. 5s. net.

This little book, which the author describes as an "audacious survey of the centuries", breathes throughout a modest air of deference to the authorities. The "schools, students and general reader" before whom the "best-known painters are marshalled in an orderly procession", will find it a pleasant and instructive introduction to the history of European painting. These oft-told tales of the great artists are, like King Alfred and his cakes, rapidly crystallising into school-room tradition, but there is also some fresh and wholesome comment of the common-sense rather than the critical type. Of the seventy-six illustrations all, with the exception of the Borgognone "Carrying of the Cross from Pavia", are well known.

**"Lawrence."** By S. L. Benson. ("Masterpieces in Colour" Series.) London: Jack. 1910. 1s. 6d. net.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's work does not lend itself readily to the three-colour process. The prettiest illustrations here bear perhaps least resemblance to the original pictures. The text, founded largely upon Redgrave and Allan Cunningham, is careful and accurate, and the artist's somewhat meteoric career is dealt with in some detail. Lawrence is one of the rare instances of an infant prodigy who achieved subsequent success, and that indeed was largely a matter of fashion in a hopelessly inartistic period. His portraits display too little subtlety for the modern taste.



"Dürer." By E. A. Furst. ("Masterpieces in Colour" Series.) London: Jack. 1910. 1s. 6d. net.

The text accompanying the rather unequal coloured illustrations of Dürer's best-known easel pictures is the reverse of the scholarly and learned Lives to which we have been accustomed since Thausing's day. It takes the form of a discursive dissertation on everything in general, with occasional references to the artist, the author's declared intention being "only to pick up a jewel here and there". Yet though rambling and disconnected, this essay contains some of the stuff of which criticism is made. Of the plates, the Portrait of Hieronymus Holzschner, which serves as a frontispiece, is by far the most successful.

#### THEOLOGY.

"The Interpretation of the Character of Christ to the non-Christian Races: an Apology for Christian Missions." By C. H. Robinson. London: Longmans. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

It is mainly of the East that Canon Robinson writes, and certainly it is a strange thing that the great religion which rose in the East should have become so completely identified with the West that it now looks foreign and unfamiliar to the Oriental. Yet is that his fault or ours? This book makes us unpleasantly doubtful whether the character of Christ does not need interpreting to the West as well as to the East. Englishmen pride themselves on being practical. The hard-working business man is our ideal. We care little for beliefs and feelings, and maintain that the outward action is the important thing, except in the one case of religious observances, where we turn round and say the outward action does not matter, it is the inward frame of mind that counts. And, finding in Christ what we wish to find in Him, we present this ideal as the Christ-character to a dreamy Oriental, who is not in the least ashamed of being seen at his prayers, and would rather spend his time in contemplation than in social reform and hustling his fellow-creatures for their good. There may be a beam in his eye, but is there not a mote in ours? Canon Robinson's book is deeply interesting and should be read by both the friends and the foes of Christian missions. But we confess to feeling that perhaps it is not so much Christianity as *our* Christianity which often needs interpreting to non-Christian races.

"Faith." By W. R. Inge. London: Duckworth. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

The title on the cover of this book is "Faith and its Psychology", which might lead the reader to expect simply an analysis of the qualities which produce faith in the human mind. But Dr. Inge's book is much more than this; it is really a treatise on Christian apologetics, an endeavour not only to show what faith is, but to provide us with a sufficient ground for the

(Continued on page 88.)

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faith that is in us. Unfortunately the author has seen fit to proceed by the time-honoured method of first considering and rejecting all the insufficient grounds for our faith, and so the impression produced by the book is disappointing; the negative part bulks heavier than the positive, and Dr. Inge seems at far greater pains to destroy unsound foundations than to build sound ones. This effect is heightened by the almost savage hate which he feels for the Church of Rome and the lines of argument usually ascribed to Roman apologists. For them and for all appeals to external authority, to the undivided Church of the past or to her living voice in the present, he has nothing but scorn and sarcasm; he loses all sense of reverence and good taste; we can imagine his anger were Roman Catholic controversialists to speak of the things which he holds sacred in the same way. This is a serious blot on a book which contains a good deal of careful thought and searching criticism; we would especially select chapter iii., on the primary ground of faith, as an excellent piece of work.

"What was the Resurrection?" By F. Phillips. London: Griffiths. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Phillips is quite certain that it was not a physical resurrection or a reanimation of the dead body of the Saviour. What it was, however, we find it difficult to ascertain from his book. In the early chapters he apparently maintains the "vision-theory", and holds that Christ's body did not leave the grave, but that His spirit appeared to the disciples and assured them of His continued existence. Later he informs us that the sacred body had dematerialised in the grave and dissolved away into thin air. This is said to be the explanation of psychical research, and he seems to accept it. We think it would be advisable for Mr. Phillips to get a little more clearness into his own thoughts and expression before he calls on his brother clergymen to deny one of the thirty-nine articles, and claim that the Church has been mistaken for nineteen centuries in her presentment of the central doctrine of her faith.

"Church Life and Thought in North Africa, A.D. 200." By S. A. Donaldson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Early African Christianity is not so much attractive as fascinating. Personally its stern professors may not have been very pleasant; they had their faults both in belief and in practice, and the faults were not of a kind to which modern historians are lenient; but when it came to suffering for their faith they were grand; they welcomed persecution and martyrdom with an eager joy that should make us feel very humble. Dr. Donaldson has approached them in just the right spirit, with sympathetic interest in their beliefs, peculiarities, and eccentricities; sober criticism of their mistakes, and warm admiration of their devotion. He has given us a study of African Church life in the second and third centuries, and especially of its great representative, Tertullian, which will be of value both to the general reader and to the advanced student, and he has written a very interesting and charming little book.

"The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century." By A. Plummer. London: Methuen. 1910. 2s. 6d. net.

From Africa in the second century to England in the eighteenth is a great change, and on reading Dr. Plummer's book after Dr. Donaldson's, our main feeling is of wonder, not at the contrast between the two forms of Christianity, but at the fact that any one religion could have satisfied and influenced such dissimilar peoples and ages. The African martyr and the eighteenth-century bishop seem at first sight poles asunder; it is no slight proof of the universality of Christianity that it could tame the one and inspire the other. And Dr. Plummer shows clearly that it is a mistake to think of the eighteenth century as if it were the same from beginning to end, and its mark one of consistent sloth, dullness, and self-indulgence. He writes with conspicuous fairness, and if he tells us of many things which make us blush for our Church he records many things which make us proud of her. Equally important, he is interesting, and has a happy knack of selecting instances and anecdotes which will be new to at any rate the majority of his readers.

"Roman Catholic Opposition to Papal Infallibility." By W. J. Sparrow Simpson. London: Murray. 1909. 6s. net.

The Vatican Council of 1870 always appears to us as one of the great tragedies of history; Mr. Sparrow Simpson's interesting book shows how many of the most enlightened members of the Roman Church regarded it in the same light; and this not simply because of the claim there made, but because of the way in which it was enforced. The history of the Council is indeed sad reading. Yet some critics who were far from believing the doctrine were willing to allow that the practical results for Rome might be superb; it would centralise the government of the Church and provide her with an

unrivalled machine for perfecting her organisation and enforcing her discipline; Rome might well become stronger than she had ever been before. Forty years have passed since then, and is Rome stronger? A new element has come into the ecclesiastical problem, an element little thought of by champions or opponents of the Infallibility Decrees in 1870; that element is modernism. As we read the extracts from Roman theologians so carefully arranged by Mr. Sparrow Simpson, we cannot help feeling that both sides are arguing in a way strangely remote from our own times and thoughts. More vitally important for us than the lapse of Pope Liberius or the heresy of Pope Honorius is the attitude which the present Pope may adopt towards modern science and modern theology. Dare he settle, can he settle, the direct Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch or the Apostolic authorship of II. Peter? Can he really silence the arguments of Loisy or Tyrrell with anything except better arguments? Those of us who are outside the Church of Rome can regard the problem with interest-tempered with complacency; but it must cause great searchings of heart to the Roman priest or layman who is both loyal and studious.

"The Synoptic Gospels." Edited, with an Introduction and a Commentary, by C. G. Montefiore; together with a Series of Additional Notes by I. Abrahams. In 3 vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Macmillan. 12s. net.

We have long wished for a Commentary on the Gospels by a Jew; in Mr. Montefiore we have a Jewish commentator of most attractive character; he is learned, religious, refined, and full of admiration for the Person and teaching of Jesus; and though from time to time he criticises both His actions and His words, he does it in a way that is interesting rather than painful. We feel that we are reading not an attack on the Saviour, but a singularly independent appreciation of Him. The commentary, therefore, is intensely interesting; at the same time it is disappointing; we do not get all we hoped from it. In the first place, it appears that the trained Jewish scholar knows very little more about Palestine and the Jews in our Lord's days than we do. There are but two sources for the history which are near the events—the New Testament and Josephus—and these are as familiar to us as to him. The Rabbinic teaching, which is often quoted in elucidation of the Gospels, did not attain a fixed form till at least two centuries later, and it is hazardous work assigning a date to any one traditional saying. Consequently, when the Christian accuses the first-century Jews of perverted moral teaching or practice, he has only the New Testament to bring in justification of his charge; and when the Jew asserts that S. Paul or our Lord was unjust in his attack, he can only cite the Jewish teaching of 300 A.D. against either. The contemporary evidence is adverse, but then it is the evidence of Christians; the Rabbinic teaching appealed to by Mr. Montefiore constantly manifests the noblest Christian spirit, but then it is much later and may have been influenced by the very Christianity which Judaism had expelled. Our second disappointment lies in the fact that the greater part of these volumes is not Montefiore. In historical criticism Mr. Montefiore is an advanced liberal, but it is not in historical criticism that he takes most interest or shows much originality. He follows obediently the steps of the Continental critics, and transcribes page after page of Loisy and J. Weiss, and we have to wade through these before we can get to what we want—the author's own thoughts. For his thoughts on Judaism are not less interesting than his criticisms of Christianity. He is a Modernist among the Jews, and Modernist Jews find themselves in strange company. In point of belief they differ but little from German Protestant theologians, and in a fine passage Mr. Montefiore exhorts the latter to return to Judaism. He says "they abandon, as not originally or specifically Christian, all those doctrines against which, from the very birth of Christianity, the Jews rebelled and protested. They have come round to us; for surely, as regards their conception of God and His relation to the world, the orthodox Christian of every age would dub them Judaizers and heretics. If their conception of Christianity conquer and prevail, great is the victory of Judaism. The name matters nothing; the reality, the doctrine, is all". This may be true, though an anti-Semite German Professor would not relish the news; and he might retort with effect that it is Mr. Montefiore who, in holding that his Bible is inspired only so far as it is good, in disbelieving miracles, and in rejecting the Messianic hope, has abandoned everything specifically Jewish in his religion. He is, in fact, a Unitarian who happens to have been born a Jew; the German Protestant is a Unitarian who happens to have been born a Christian; and it is the race-feeling, not the religion, which keeps them apart.

For this Week's Books see page 90.

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**ESSEQUIBO RUBBER  
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The Statutory Meeting of the Essequibo Rubber and Tobacco Estate, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Sir Henry Seton Karr, C.M.G. (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary having read the usual notices,

The Chairman said he wished to take the opportunity of giving some information with regard to their enterprise which he thought they would find satisfactory. You will notice by our report that the company has practically been fully subscribed; the few remaining shares as yet unallotted will, when the transaction is complete, be taken by the vendors in part payment for the concessions. I think that is an interesting point, and it shows that the company is therefore in a strong financial position and provided with ample working capital. I should like to tell you a word or two about what we have done with regard to the management of the properties. We have sent out two representatives, who are at the present moment in Georgetown, British Guiana. One is Mr. Ellis, whom we have appointed as general manager; he is already in Guiana, making arrangements for an expedition to proceed to the concessions of the company in August, after the rains, and to report to the directors as to the best method of developing them. Mr. Ellis came to us with excellent credentials. He was fifteen years with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and for seven years was a manager in London of the Imperial Direct West Indian Mail Company, running between Bristol and Jamaica. He was also for some years in West Africa, trading and collecting rubber. He is thoroughly acquainted with clearing bush, organising river and land transport, store-keeping, and the management of native labour, which is perhaps the most important of all, having had hundreds of natives working under him at one time. We think that his connection with the West Indies for such a long period will be useful to the company. He has been twice in Jamaica, and is thoroughly inured to a tropical climate. He is also a good linguist. With regard to our other representative, we have also sent a Mr. Henry Daley, on behalf of the company, to report upon the cultivation of tobacco and other tropical produce on our concessions in British Guiana. You will understand that this is only a tentative appointment; it is not a permanent one. We have sent him out for the purpose of giving an expert report. Mr. Daley is a tobacco expert, with many years' experience of the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco, in the Tropics, and we think that his report may possibly be extremely valuable to our company. He is also an expert on the manufacture of tobacco, and knows the kind of machinery and plant that is required. Of course, the systematic cultivation of tobacco will be a new industry in British Guiana, to all intents and purposes. Now, you are aware that the company's concessions, consisting of about 200 square miles on the Essequibo River, are about four days' journey from Georgetown, partly by river and partly by rail. It is stated on good authority that the territory at the head of the Essequibo and Demarara rivers is very favourably situated for both balata—which is gutta-percha—and rubber. In fact, the country has been described as "one of the most luxuriant tropical regions under the British flag." It is also stated that all the conditions of the British Guiana climate and soil are identical with those that prevail in the district of the Amazon River where Pará rubber is produced. The bleeding of balata trees is already a recognised industry in British Guiana. It is shown by official statistics that the exports of balata have increased during the past ten years from 425,000 lbs. in 1900 to nearly three times that amount, or well over 1,000,000 lbs., in 1909-10. I believe the last returns are only for ten months, and that the official exports exceed 1,000,000 lbs. in weight. We have quite recently received a letter from Mr. Ellis, our manager, dated June 25, in which he informs us that he has already seen a balata superintendent in British Guiana who states that he knows our property very well, and that there is plenty of balata on it. I should like to say a word to you about plantation rubber. We have been consulting authorities upon the matter, and we think it is our duty to get all the information we can with regard to the property and with regard to the colony in which it is situated. There is good reason to believe that plantation rubber will prove successful in British Guiana. It is stated that the most important indigenous rubber tree is the *Samium Jernanhi*, the latex, or juice, of which, when properly treated, yields very good rubber, similar to hard Pará, and there is also the *Hevea* rubber tree in British Guiana. I see that Professor Harrison, the Director of Science and Agriculture for the colony, in an address to the Board of Agriculture recently, stated that the rubber from British Guiana exhibited in 1908 at the Rubber Exhibition in England contained 93.7 per cent. of pure rubber, and was reported to be of a commercial value of 4s. 3d. per pound. At that date Pará rubber was only quoted at 4s. 3d. per pound, so that the specimen of rubber from the Guiana *Hevea* was practically of equal value to that derived from the famous *Hevea* of Brazil. With regard to this plantation question, it is one to which my colleagues and myself are devoting very earnest attention, and we shall continue to do so. The evidence is that the rubber tree is indigenous to the colony, and what is more important, that plenty of saplings can be readily obtained without their having to be carried from some other country or some other district. They are there on the spot, and only require transplanting and having the ground cleared. I look forward to a period of five or six years, after which we shall have a successful and thriving plantation on our concession in British Guiana. I have a somewhat important point to mention in the conclusion of my remarks with regard to finance. I have stated that the company is already provided amply with working capital. I consider that to be a very important factor, because we are engaging in an enterprise in a colony which is comparatively new, so far as the development of balata and rubber is concerned. I do not claim that we directors are different from any other ordinary men, and it may be that we may possibly have to buy a little experience; at all events, the first essential is that we should have plenty of money to develop the concession, and I must say that, as our company was so fully subscribed, we have ample resources with which to develop our concession. In fact, the company has more than sufficient working capital to develop its present concession; but we are, I should like to say, taking steps to acquire further concessions in the same neighbourhood. We are ambitious, and desire to enlarge our area, and important negotiations are now in progress for this purpose, which, if they are successfully carried through, we directors hope and believe will add largely to the value of the company's enterprise. In conclusion, gentlemen, in order to complete the purchase of the further concessions on the most favourable terms, it will probably be necessary to increase the capital of the company. In that case the shareholders will be asked, in due course and at the proper time, to sanction such an increase of capital, for which purpose a special general meeting of the company will be required. You may rely upon our doing everything we can to carry our enterprise to a successful conclusion.

In reply to questions, the Chairman stated that the shareholders could rely upon the directors not parting with any more money until the transfer of the properties had been completed. They were not going to ask for an increase of capital because they wanted further funds, but because they wanted to acquire, on the most favourable terms, some large adjoining concessions. No resolution was put to the meeting, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.



## NEW ZEALAND OILFIELDS.

The Statutory General Meeting of the members of the New Zealand Oilfields, Limited, was held on Monday, Major-General Sir Norman R. Stewart, Bart., C.B. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Chairman said: A public issue of shares was made, 1,000,000 shares of 2s. each being offered for subscription. Of that issue 721,082 shares were applied for, but to date 736,560 have been allotted, all of which are payable wholly in cash. From the report you will observe that in respect of the shares so allotted the company had received, at the date of making up the account, the sum of £63,548 16s. 10d., leaving the sum of £10,116 3s. 2d. outstanding. Of the last-mentioned amount I am pleased to be able to inform you that £2,325 has been received since the date of the report, and your board have no doubt that the balance will be duly paid, as it is due by responsible people. Altogether, I think the company is to be congratulated upon the manner in which the shareholders have responded to the calls made upon them. As you will doubtless recollect, the prospectus stated that the Articles of Association provide for the formation of a local board of directors in New Zealand, consisting of not less than three members, to be elected, subject to the approval of the London board of directors, by members resident in the colony. Your directors are very anxious that this local board shall be the most efficient and influential it is possible to secure, conversant with the needs and requirements of the company and the country in which its property is located. To that end your directors are in communication with New Zealand. I need not tell you that this is a matter of the highest importance. With regard to the titles to the concessions which the company was formed to acquire, I am glad to be able to inform you that our solicitors (Messrs. Pakeman, Son and Read) are in communication with their agents in New Zealand, and that, so far as they have gone, they are able to report that the titles to almost all of the concessions are in order, and, further, that no trouble is anticipated in connection with the few others not yet definitely reported upon. We hope within a very short time to be in possession of the whole of the properties which the company was formed to acquire. As you will understand from what I have already said, your directors are not inclined to rush matters, believing, as they do, that careful consideration and calculation in the beginning is the wisest course, and that it is advisable to proceed slowly and carefully. The first consideration in this direction is the selection of a properly qualified and suitable man to take charge of the active operations on the company's property, and you will readily appreciate the great importance of this question when you recollect the great distance which separates the board from the scene of those operations. Your directors are earnestly considering this matter, and you may rest assured that they will take no step without proper care being taken to secure the best man possible to look after the company's interests, and, whenever necessary, the best technical advice will be called in to assist the directors in arriving at a proper decision. It is scarcely possible—nor would it perhaps be proper—for me to say any more at present on this subject; but we would repeat that these matters of the local board of directors and the manager in New Zealand are of the utmost importance at this stage of the company's history. The formation of our company has already attracted considerable notice in New Zealand. In my opinion, the sources of petroleum are a national asset, the importance of which it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. The discovery of petroleum in commercial quantities in New Zealand will be of inestimable value, not only to New Zealand herself, but to the Empire at large, and the formation of the New Zealand Oilfields, Limited, is the first really serious attempt that has been made in recent times to solve the problem of the existence of oil upon a commercial basis in this island.

Mr. George Macdonald said: The company, which is the first one to undertake serious petroliferous developments in New Zealand, will still have at its back, for the purpose for which it was formed, just about £50,000, and if by a judicious expenditure of that money petroleum is not found in New Zealand in commercial quantities, you may take it from me that it will not be worth the while of anyone to follow in our footsteps and try to find petroleum in the Northern Island of New Zealand where we should have failed. We are acting, as a board, under the advice of the best technical men we can secure to-day. We have the authorities with us. If we discover oil in quantity we shall be welcomed by the Government, because the eyes of the Admiralty are opening to that part of the world where a possible supply of petroleum may be available in the future for the liquid fuel that may be necessary for his Majesty's Navy.

## AUX CLASSES LABORIEUSES.

The Annual General Meeting of Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited, was held on Monday, Mr. Davison Dalziel, M.P. (the Chairman), presiding. The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) read the usual notice.

The Chairman said: As is stated in the directors' report, the gross profits for the year under review are higher by nearly £7,000 than those of any previous year, and this, I am glad to say, in the face of circumstances adverse to their character and quite beyond our control. I refer to the two important strikes of the Post Office employés, the strike of the dockyard men, a number of local strikes throughout the country, the disastrous floods in Paris and in the neighbourhood, which not only hindered the flow of new orders, but prevented the usual collection of existing accounts, and, lastly, the unreasonable weather. The actual floods did not, I am happy to say, affect our establishment at all—no water entered our premises—but the effect of the disaster from our point of view was shown in the manner I have just indicated. We have, however, considered it advisable to take precautions against any return of these floods. In spite of deterrent influences our books show for last year an increase in the sales amounting to 677,171.70f. and an increase in the receipts of 231,654.20f., the increase in the expenses incidental to obtaining these results being in normal proportion. In regard to the progress of the business since the closing of the balance sheet before you, I am pleased to be able to tell you that Mr. Debraine, the general manager, reports that the results of the trading so far ascertained give promise that, subject to unforeseen circumstances, the current year will be a particularly brilliant stage in the career of this company. The figures to the end of last month (June) show (in comparison with those of last year) increases in the sales of 800,000f. (£32,000) and in the receipts of 375,000f. (£15,000), in spite of the last of the floods, fresh strikes, and the upset of business caused by the French elections. Thus, in five months, you have increases in the sales exceeding by 125,000f. the whole of the increase of last year over the preceding year. These encouraging figures again are largely due to your branches in some of the principal provincial towns of France. These branches now number twenty-four. I cannot close my remarks without saying a few words in special tribute to the admirable manner in which your managing director (Mr. E. Debraine) has devoted himself to your interests during the past year; in fact, he has always done so since he became a director of the company. It is now my duty to move: "That the directors' report and balance sheet and accounts for the year ended 31 January, 1910, be, and are hereby, received and adopted."

Mr. James Lee seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The Chairman next moved: "That the payment of the following interim dividends be, and are hereby, approved and confirmed, namely: Quarterly dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares of £5 each paid on 15 February, 15 May, 15 August, and 15 November, 1909; quarterly dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the 'B' Preference shares of £1 each paid on 15 August and 15 November, 1909; interim dividend of 4 per cent. on the Ordinary shares paid on 31 January, 1910."

Mr. Lee seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously. The Chairman also moved: "That the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent., as recommended by the directors in their report, making, with a dividend of 4 per cent. already paid, a total dividend of 9 per cent. per year, for the year ended 30 January, 1910, be, and is hereby, approved and sanctioned, payable on and after 15 August next."

This was seconded by Mr. Lee and carried unanimously.

The Chairman then moved a vote of thanks to the managing director (Mr. Debraine) for the admirable manner in which he had conducted the business during the past year.

Mr. Adamson seconded the motion, which was passed with acclamation. Mr. Harris proposed that the best thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Dalziel for his courtesy in the chair and for the admirable manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the company.

Mr. Salter seconded the motion, and the vote was unanimously accorded. The Chairman said he was grateful for the remarks made. He looked forward to next year with pleasure, as he believed they would be able to continue to deserve the entire confidence of the shareholders.

The proceedings then terminated.

## MALANG RUBBER.

Sir Wm. B. Huxson, K.C.I.E., presided over the Statutory Meeting of the Malang Rubber Estates held in London on Monday.

The Chairman said it was a pleasure to him to remind them that the company, which was started on a sound basis, met with a most favourable reception from the public, and was fully subscribed.

Mr. Walter Norfolk, before introducing Mr. Fitzwilliams, who has spent many years in Java, read a cable from the manager: "I am satisfied with the estate. The crop for the last month was 157 lb. of dry rubber. The trees are entirely free from disease. The Robusta coffee is a healthy, vigorous growth."

Mr. Fitzwilliams: You will have heard from your chairman of the telegraphic communication from Mr. Vermont, who has seen the estates later than I have, and I am very glad to see he confirms the opinion I have always held of them, namely, that they are well-kept-up, excellent lands, with all the possibilities of turning out very first-class rubber, as they have always done as regards coffee. The proposition, as far as I can see, is a very simple, straightforward one. You take possession of the estates, which were opened about the year 1882, and find them well wooded, drained, etc. There will be no difficulty in carrying out the policy approved by the board of directors, namely, planting up the available area with 130,000 to 140,000 Hevea trees. This can be carried out very cheaply and expeditiously. Thanks to the excellent labour conditions of the country, and also to the fact of the estate being an old and established one, the estimates should be readily achieved, and that, too, by the dates suggested in the prospectus. The harvest for this year will soon be available, and I hear that some of the Castilloa rubber has reached the Amsterdam market, which is probably the best market for this variety. These trees grow wonderfully well out there, and especially on your estates, and it is only to be regretted that the former owners did not, in carrying out their extensions, plant Hevea instead of Castilloa, as the former is now admitted by all experts to be unquestionably superior to the latter. The depth of ground, climate, and position, as regards the Southern rains and the excellent conditions of labour, make it almost a certainty that your future as a company is assured. It will stand the test of time, and what is more, the test of competition, when rubber in the future becomes more plentiful, and the price, owing to a greatly increased production, has perhaps sunk to its former value. The British public are only now beginning to realise the importance of Java plantations, and to realise the facts connected with the rubber industry and the general development of the island. Sir Stamford Raffles, as Lieutenant-Governor of the island during its possession by the British, had, in addition to the best knowledge of its productive qualities, the highest hopes of its capabilities. He very strongly endeavoured to dissuade the English Government of the day from restoring their "Garden of Eden" to the Dutch. From the time of Sir Stamford Raffles until now very little capital has ever been needed in Java, the returns from the produce paying handsome profits to the owners, and being sufficient for the necessary developments. So recently as four years ago the English plantations owned by Britishers could be counted on the fingers of one hand. That rubber has now made greater strides in Java must be put down to the fact that, owing to the richness of soil and its labour conditions, there has been very little distress felt in planting districts. It was owing to this distress that the coffee estates of Ceylon and the Federated Malay States, such as Linggi and others, were transformed into rubber. Yet in Java at the present day many of the coffee estates pay good dividends, and the others are able to hold their own with pepper, cocoa, &c., and there is still a great reluctance on the part of the Dutch to exchange these products for rubber. I think there is no doubt that Malang shareholders have got a very sound and cheap proposition.

In reply to several shareholders, the Chairman said the fact that those in charge of the estate had not hurried production would be for their benefit. They had altogether £17,400 working capital at the moment.

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